THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Still the Patriotic Wildfire Spreads Through the Land and Gives Assurance of a Grand Revival.

The National Executive of the A. O. H., and the Irishmen of Ohio, Colorado, Tennessee, and Massachusetts Join in the Grand Rally for Ireland.

BRAVE WORDS FROM THE A. O. H.

The following resolutions were passed by the National Officers and Directors of the A. O. H., in New York, on Aug. 1, by a unanimous vote:

WHEREAS, The Ancient Order of Hibernians of America, being composed entirely of American citizens of Irish birth or descent, and its work for the half century of its existence as an organization on American soil has been the record and exemplification of organized effort for faith, country and fatherland; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the National Officers and Directors of the aforesaid organization, in regular meeting assembled, in view of the political conditions now existing in Great Britain and Ireland, extend to the people of Ireland our warmest and most sincere sympathy in the magnificent and heroic struggle which they have made for National independence, for their native land, and we bid them God speed in their patriotic work.

Resolved, That, as representatives of the largest and strongest Irish-American organization on this continent, every member of which loves the liberty of his native or adopted country, we pledge the faith and fealty of the Order to any policy that may be inaugurated looking to an active, vigorous, aggressive and united effort for Irish National Independence.

FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO.

At Cleveland, O., on Aug. 1, the Irish Nationalists held a picnic and demonstration at Forest City Park. At the conclusion of the games, a large meeting was organized, and was called to order at 7:30 o'clock, p. m., by President John Walsh, who introduced Mr. T. F. MacNamara of Youngstown, O., who delivered an eloquent and scholarly address. He gave a historical review of Ireland and enumerated the defeats she has sustained. These he compared to the present condition of affairs. He went further and painted in glowing colors how the country had risen from every defeat fresher than ever before, and he predicted that she would rise from the existing condition as always before. He gave a most hopeful view of the future and spoke most encouragingly of the prospects. He was followed by Mr. M. P. Mooney, who offered a set of resolutions. The remarks which he made in introducing the resolutions were of the same nature as the resolutions themselves and were enthusiastically received. The resolutions were adopted unanimously and were as follows:

"The recent change in British public opinion has restored to power the bitterest foes of Irish liberty and swept away the results of twenty years of arduous labor by Ireland's representatives. But the march of Irish freedom is only retarded, not stopped. Once again it becomes the duty of the friends of Ireland's struggle to grasp their weapons firmly and rally to the fight. The soldiers of a warfare that has lasted more than 700 years will not lower their standards to the ministers of English brutality and oppression. Even now the sons of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom in this great western republic are gazing eastward, watching with eager eyes for the dawn of Ireland's liberty and prosperity. The present crisis in Irish affairs calls loudly for the united action of Ireland's friends, and demands that all petty and personal differences be sunk in a supreme effort for the liberation of Ireland. Therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, By the Irish Nationalists of the city of Cleveland in mass meeting assembled—

"That we as American citizens and friends of Irish liberty hereby pledge ourselves to active support of any united and organized movement for the restoration of Irish rights;

"That we approve the recent call for a convention of the friends of Ireland in America, and believe that such a convention will result in the adoption of wise and comprehensive measures for the advancement of the cause;

"That we condemn the conduct of those Irish members of parliament who, by their personal bickerings, are scandalizing the friends of Ireland and lending aid and comfort to her enemies;

"That we rejoice in the liberation of the Irish and Irish-American prisoners lately released from British dungeons and pledge our continued efforts to secure the freedom of those still incarcerated."

It was expected that the Rev. J. J. Powers of Wellington would be present to deliver an address, but he was unexpectedly called away. The crowd that went to the park in the evening was immense, and the cars were loaded. The evening was spent in dancing and social features and it was a late hour when the festivities were over. The number on the grounds was estimated at over 4,000.

FROM ASPEN, COLO.

At a regular meeting of the Knights of Wolfe Tone, held at their hall, in Aspen, Colo., July 31, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, A public or national convention of the representative Irishmen of America is to be held at a time and date not yet decided upon, and,

WHEREAS, We, as liberty-loving people, believe that this convention will be conducive of great and beneficial results to the cause and welfare of Ireland, and,

WHEREAS, No good or lasting results have yet been accomplished by the representatives of the Irish people in the British parliament for the past fifteen years; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we believe further parliamentary action will prove unavailing in the future as it has in the past; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Knights of Wolfe Tone, do hereby pledge ourselves to support said convention in any action it may take, except parliamentary action; and, be it further

Resolved, That we approve of the said convention and the creation of an open movement pledged to the complete independence of Ireland.

David L. Kelly, Michael O'R. Hughes, R. A. McKnight, P. H. Clifford, James Farrell, Committee.

FROM NASHVILLE, TENN.

At the regular meeting of the Hibernian Society, of Nashville, Tenn., held in their hall, on the 4th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Hibernian Benevolent Society was organized from the old Fenian Circle that had sent a large contingent with Gen. John O'Neil into Canada in 1866 to fight for Ireland's independence, and that this society has given its aid, financially and otherwise, at all times for the Irish cause up to the present time; and,

WHEREAS, A convention of Irish-Americans has been proposed for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence by means outside of parliamentary agitation; and,

WHEREAS, Parliamentary agitation having ended in ignominous failure through the rejection by British parliament of Ireland's claim of self-government, and the hopeless dissensions among the Irish Parliamentary party; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we approve of the proposed convention and the inauguration of a new Irish movement on lines outside of parliamentary agitation, and pledge our moral and financial aid to whatever policy the convention may adopt; and, be it further

Resolved, The we hereby request the co-operation of all Irishmen and all Irish organizations, whether beneficial, social, literary or military, who desire the complete emancipation of motherland from English rule.

Resolved, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to THE CITIZEN and the *Irish Republic* for publication.

James Killeiea, Pres.; James Mulloy, Vice-Pres.; G. Stritch, Rec. Sec.; James Carney, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Laffey, Treas.

FROM LAWRENCE, MASS.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Grattan Club of Lawrence, Mass., on Aug. 1:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Grattan Club, extend all honor and congratulation to the Irishmen of today who, with the immortal heroes of Clontarf, of Limerick, of '98, and Young Ireland of '48, believe that human liberty is worth the price of blood.

Resolved, That it should be the policy of Irish agitators in Ireland, from this day forward, to meet force with force, to deny and ignore all English authority, to organize in loft, in hall or in attic, to bury all factional dissensions and present an organized and unbroken front, until every redcoat or minion of British authority is driven across the English channel.

Resolved, That this club will do all in its power to defend and maintain the New Movement, and will give unfaltering support to this, the only method of ever ridding our beloved Ireland of a hungry horde of alien oppressors.

Stephen J. Mahoney, Timothy Collins, Frank J. O'Brien, Thomas Gilmartin, C. M. Casey, Committee.

FROM ROXBURY, MASS.

At the regular meeting of Div. 23, A. O. H., of Roxbury, Mass., held Aug. 3, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Div. 23, A. O. H., have heard with pleasure of the proposed open convention to be held in the near future for the purpose of devising ways and means for the liberation of our country from the yoke of foreign misrule, under which she has labored for centuries; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to stand by the action of said convention, and, as we know by experience of the past, that the well-beaten path of parliamentary agitation does not lead to freedom, we call upon all true lovers of Irish liberty to forsake at once, and forever, the idea of gaining self-government from either the perjured Whigs or Tories; and, be it further

Resolved, That we believe the time has come when Irishmen should once more arise and make a determined stand for their political rights in the noble and manly way that our forefathers did before us; and, be it finally

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to the leadership and dictates of no political party whose teachings are not based on the same principles as the men who sacrificed everything that was near and dear, for the complete emancipation of Ireland by physical force.

William A. Ryan, Pres.; C. J. Collins, Rec. Sec.; Michael J. O'Brien, Pierce F. Lonergan, Committee.

FROM BOSTON, MASS.

At a meeting of the John Mitchel Club, of Boston, held July 29, after a full consideration of the question, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, There has been issued a call for a convention of representative Irishmen in one of the leading cities of the country, in the near future, to take steps to advance the cause of Irish independence; and,

WHEREAS, This call has met with a prompt and earnest reply from the true friends of Irish independence from all sections of the country; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the John Mitchel Club hails with pleasure the proposed open movement to further the cause of Irish independence, and awaits with impatience the result of this most important and opportune of public demonstrations in behalf of our motherland; and, be it further

Resolved, That we indorse most heartily the proposed movement, and pledge ourselves to stand by the action of the coming convention, and we further pledge our moral, financial and physical support to the noble effort for freedom.

Patrick Joyce, James M. O'Brien, Michael J. O'Brien, Committee.

NEW MOVEMENT NEWS.

Important Meeting of the Executive Committee.

A meeting of the executive committee was held at McCoy's Hotel on Wednesday last, to make arrangements for the great Irish Convention to be held in this city, Sept. 24, 25, and 26, at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on LaSalle street. John J. O'Connell was elected chairman, John T. Keating secretary, and Lawrence Henely treasurer. The following sub-committees were appointed: On Hall, Lawrence Henely chairman; Railroads and Transportation, P. V. Fitzpatrick chairman; Press, J. J. Gubbins chairman; Finance, William H. Joyce chairman. Over fifty representative Irishmen of the city were present at the meeting. Communications were received from prominent sympathizers of the New Movement from nearly every state in the Union. The next regular meeting of the committee will be held on Wednesday, Aug. 14, at the headquarters in McCoy's Hotel. All communications and correspondence pertaining to the coming convention should be addressed to the secretary, John T. Keating, McCoy's Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

GRANDPA'S GLASSES.

Up stairs, oft, and down I go
Looking for my glasses—
Books that now I gaze into
Seem but misty mazes
If high perched upon my nose
Doth the picture not disclose
My "glasses?"

"Spectacles," like "grandma" wore
When I "little skirties" tore,
And her balls of "knitting" bore
From their ordered places.
Heigh-ho! sitting here, today,
How I view myself at play
In the greening grasses.

Once more youth is by my side;
There, too, is a loving bride;
Once more, drifting down life tide
Fortune near me passes.
Now she smiles on me for good,
Now frowns in forbidding mood,—
But—Oh, yes, my glasses!
I was seeking for them—"Here,
Dranpa," comes from 'neath my chair;
Oh, you rascal, are you there?
But—good heav'ns!—my glasses!
Broken? "Dranpa, here dey are."

And now I smile, for, I declare
I did just so with "grandma." There,
Bless your heart! Now go and play,
Scat out, scat out of grandpa's way,
You very last of Fortune's passes.

That's all the scolding I can say,
And that was just my grandma's way,
Even now I seem to feel her kisses;—
(I'll have a douced time I know
To get suited with "glasses.")

MARAH.

Chicago, July 24, '95.

Everywhere we go we find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the greatest curative agent. It is the one great blood purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act castily yet promptly and effectively.

G. A. R. Encampment.

Are you going to Louisville to attend the 29th Annual Encampment of the G. A. R., Sept. 11 to 14? The Monon Route is the national official route, Chicago to Louisville, and the battlefield line from Louisville to the South. Special accommodations will be provided for all those who attend. In addition to the two regular trains daily (morning and evening), special trains will be run at such hours as will best accommodate the veterans, and special cars will be furnished Posts of twenty-five or more members if so desired. Also special sleeping cars can be arranged for. The fare from Chicago to Louisville will be $6.00 for the round trip, and from Louisville to Chattanooga $6.35 for the round trip. Tickets will be limited a sufficient length of time to enable members of the G. A. R. to visit Chickamauga battlefield. The National Park at that place will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies after the encampment at Louisville. For rates, special trains, special coaches, sleeping cars and further information address Sidney B. Jones, City Passenger Agent, 232 Clark street, Chicago. L. E. Sessions, Traveling Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn., or Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

THEY CALL IT "FAIR PLAY."

How Americans Are Insulted, Mobbed or Robbed by the "Noble Free-Born Britons.

Sportsmen of all Classes From This Country Have Suffered Every Sort of Indignity in England.

Englishmen have been busying themselves during the past week with more than their usual violence in abusing Americans, says the New York *World*. This time it is because we are so utterly deficient in "sportsmanship" and "fair play," both of which qualities the English, with characteristic modesty, claim to monopolize.

The text for the latest assault was furnished by the Cornell crew at Henley. In obedience to the plain law governing the rowing contest in which they were engaged, the Cornell crew started when the umpire gave the word. Their opponents, the Leander crew, were not ready, and the Cornell crew won by default.

To the non-English mind this would appear to be a very simple matter, and if any criticism were needed the Leander crew or the umpire would seem to deserve it—the former for their negligence and the latter for not keeping a closer lookout. There was not the slightest evidence of any deliberate intention on anybody's part to do an injustice to either crew; but the Americans have been denounced with a venom that passes belief for their "unsportsmanlike" conduct. Much has been said also about English "fair play."

It is a matter of history that the English in their sports, as in everything else, are the most unfair people in the world. No American has ever gone to England to sail a yacht, to race a horse, to shoot at pigeons, to run a foot race, to row a boat, or to fight in the prize ring who has not been either insulted or robbed or mobbed. In the face of a hundred years of conduct usually cowardly and always brutal, the canting claim of "English fair play" would be a grim joke if it were not insisted upon so seriously.

Jim Corbett and Steve O'Donnell were being rubbed down after a spirited boxing bout at the champion's Jersey training quarters recently when the conversation turned upon the attitude of English sportsmen toward the Cornell crew. Billy Brady had a few appropriate remarks to make about the calibre of the average English sport and Corbett's remarks were particularly tinctured with bitterness as he spoke of the unfairness of the stand taken against the Ithacans. This deep feeling in the matter led a *World* reporter to ask Corbett what he thought of the much-vaunted claim of British fair play.

"What do I think of British fair play?" repeated the champion slowly. "Why, there is no such thing in England. At least, not toward Americans. You might as well flaunt a red flag in a bull's face as wave the Stars and Stripes over there. I speak from experience, and I tell you it makes me tired when I see the consideration shown to Englishmen over here and see Americans crazy to ape the people who hate the United States and all connected with them, and who will continue to hate them forever.

"Englishmen try to act nice, and all that sort of thing, at times, but don't you know all the while you have that feeling that they don't mean what they say. And if you show your patriotism, why, you quickly find out just how they feel.

"When I was playing at the Drury Lane, one of the few Englismen I would care to call a friend came to me and said: 'See here, old chap, you'll do much better if you don't wear quite so much of the American and Irish colors in your make-up.'

"I told him I'd see the English public hanged before I'd take off any of my colors. We were playing in Birmingham, July 4, and two ladies of the company went out for a walk with just a bit of red, white and blue ribbon in their jackets. Well, they were insulted half a dozen times before they got back. I came very near getting one of the last men that made an insulting remark to them about Americas, and if I had—well," and Jim looked at his doubled-up fist expressively.

"At the Drury Lane one night the sailors of the man-of-war Chicago came to the theatre. Some of the bluejackets were in an upper box, and, because they lowered a bouquet of flowers, tied with red, white and blue ribbons, the Englishmen began to hiss all over the house. Oh, yes; British fair play is a bully thing—I don't think.

"I had quite a different experience in Paris. Over in France they love America. One night two New Yorkers handed me a splendid silk American flag from a box, and the Frenchmen got up on their feet, and I thought they never would stop cheering. If that had happened in London the young fellows would have run a good chance of being mobbed.

"I didn't hitch with the London Sporting Club over there, and I'll tell you why. You know it is one of the swell clubs in London, and the lords and other thingamabobs who run it think a pugilist should get down upon his knees in thankfulness when one of the high nabobs slaps him on the back or condescends to shake hands with him. Why, the American boxers who go over to the National Sporting Club are put back of the stage out of the way. One of them couldn't get into the auditorium on his life.

"When I was over there Brady was told that it would be a very good thing for me to meet Lord Lonsdale, the main guy of the London Sporting Club. Bill, who was to take me to somebody's chambers, who would take me to somebody else's chambers, and by and by I would see Lord Lonsdale. I wasn't going to put up with any such monkey business, being led around like a dime museum freak, and I told Brady to tell the managers of the club that if Lord Lonsdale wanted to see me he could come to my hotel, or the dressing room of the Drury Lane, or make some appointment. I never saw Lord Lonsdale, and the London Sporting Club got sore on me very quick.

"There was quite a time in the Green Room Club over there one night because we wouldn't give in that England was better than America in every way. Of course, we stuck up for our country, and, of course, made enemies by doing it.

"I remember one Englishman who came to me and wanted to know why we made such a fuss over the Fourth of July. What is it all about? I'm afraid I was very rude, for I said: 'It's the day we knocked your bloody heads off.'

"Just another thing to show you how they feel over there. I was standing at the desk of the Metropole Hotel one night when three Englishmen came in for rooms. The City of Paris had come in that day and everything was full. 'Why don't these bleeding Americans stay in their own country? It's deuced awkward.'

"I am sorry for Cornell, just as I am sorry for John C. Heenan, Arthur Zimmerman and every other American who went over there expecting fair play, for there isn't such a thing in the country."

"Then you wouldn't fight in England?" asked the reporter.

Corbett's animated face clouded and his teeth came together with an angry click. "There is one man I will fight anywhere in the world," he said, "and that is Peter Jackson. I will fight him before this very same London Sporting Club, and let him have the referee and all the crowd with him. Even then the chances are 1,000 to 1 against him. Yes, I will fight in fair old England, but it would have to be with a mark like Jackson. I wouldn't take a chance with any man who would be likely to profit by British unfairness.

"Why, in a conversation with several prominent sporting men one night the Heenan-Sayers fight was brought up, and these Englishmen actually laughed at the way Heenan had been robbed, and thought that Sayer's followers had done a mighty smart thing. It's common history over there, you know, for English fighters to have a mob at the ring side, and when things are not going right for the man who has the biggest gang, they break into the ring and the fight is stopped. Jake Kilrain could tell you of a good story of his meeting with Jem Smith if he wanted to. It's a great thing, English fair play is. I don't want any of it in mine, however."

A splendid illustration of English fair play was given last year, when several Americans, and among them more than one expert at the traps, were badly beaten at the Gun Club and at Hurlingham. Aside from the sting of defeat their purses were touched in no gentle way, so they had something to think about. On one occasion, in a match, F. G. Moore, one of the American team, discovered that the handicap marks had been changed so as to burden the visitors with several feet, in some instances more than the distances already imposed. After a vigorous objection, these "trifling blunders," as they were called by the English shooters, were rectified.

The most daring bit of sharp practice which Mr. Moore and his companions ran against, however, was a game said to be very common at the gun clubs, that called "stiffening the trappers." Every man on the English side knew exactly which trap was to be sprung for him. The Americans had to cover all five traps and still they wondered why heavy odds were laid against them. This little game was also discovered when it was too late. It was called a "blunder," and the trappers, the paid tools of the bettors, were discharged.

"Fair play, eh," said Mr. Moore upon his return. "Well, I'd a heap rather take my chances at Guttenberg with the very smartest of the sharpers, than to try against these sure-thing fellows on the other side."

Lon Myers, the American runner, visited England early in the eighties. Of course he was placed on scratch in all the handicaps. That was all right, as he was the fastest man this country could produce. But when it came to the race the boasted "fair play" was not visible to the naked eye. Myers was jostled about by a bunch of competitors and subjected to what is called the "blanketing" process. This means that he would be hemmed in by several runners in such a way as to force him out of his stride and prevent his breaking through the bunch. In the meantime some Britisher won the race. At Manchester Myers had to flee from a mob of noble Britons.

Frank Ives, the billiard player, was matched with John Roberts, the English champion, in the spring of 1893. The game was at the "English compromise game of billiards," i. e., compromised 90 per cent in favor of the Englishman and 10 per cent in favor of Ives. They were to play 6,000 points. Roberts started off away in the lead, and held it safely during four nights' play. The spectators checked, but didn't bother Ives. On the fifth night the American got the balls jawed and ran 2,359 points, leaving Roberts far in the rear.

When it was found that Ives had the balls "anchored" the spectators began to hiss and jeer him. All sorts of insulting remarks were addressed to him right in the public hall, but he paid no attention to them, and continued until he was tired and then broke the balls of his own accord. No effort was made to put a stop to the insults which were offered by spectators sitting within five feet of the table, the officials evidently not caring to interfere with a system which might disconcert the visitor.

When the Vigilant was in England everything was done to beat the successful cup defender by fair means or otherwise. The Gould yacht had bad luck in Scotch and Irish waters. The courses seemed to be arranged to suit the home boats. One finish was in a narrow creek at the head of the harbor. The system of "jockeying" was very popular with English sailing masters. On one occasion the Britannia tried to force the Vigilant into a steamboat. Then when the American yacht lost her centreboard the press insinuated that it was done on purpose.

Every pugilist that has gone over has stories to tell of how men around the ring have tried to break his shins, gouge him or disable him in some way.

THE SECOND FALL OF MAN.

[*To the Editor.*]

We are hearing so much nowadays of what is facetiously termed the New Feminine that the male children of Adam may well look forward with trepidation to the time when modern Eve becomes, what Lord Rosebery would call, the "predominant partner." No matter with what amount of levity we may approach this important subject, it is certain that the nineteenth century renaissance of woman is laden and freighted with fateful consequence to the coming time. Though much that is desirable may result in the outcome of woman's hegira from the wilderness of subservience to man, there is little doubt that much that brings light to the home and sheds a gentle halo around the hearth will vanish in the shadows of this dawning change. Who will recognize in the sacredly endearing term of mother the new competitor of man in the arduous struggle for life? Not as the partner and the sharer in his joys and sorrows must he in the rapidly advancing time regard what was known in the past as the gentler one. Chivalry, long since tottering beneath the onslaught of an exacting civilization, is fast succumbing beneath the actions of its fair protegees.

It is a matter for small wonder that the change is not a welcome one among men. In the growing fondness for bachelor freedom we may trace man's practical dislike to what is perhaps falsely called the emancipation of woman. The female on the rostrum and at the club he is apt to regard as a blue-stocking and an interloper. The latch-key and the knickerbockers he not unnaturally regards as the peculiar property of man, handed down from a long and distinguished roll of un-henpecked ancestors. Again, in the timid clinging style of woman, he seeks an antidote to his own sterner emotions. Although the female was God-beloved in old Jerusalem, and though the best among us may deal lightly with her faults, yet evidently the are limits of endurance before the encroachments of those fair celestials who, like so many thieving Mercurys, seek to rob the male Jupiter of his sceptre.

The coming man, accustomed to the new conditions which now confront him, may judge otherwise, but it is safe to say that his predecessor will consistently assign the home as woman's true realm, and in so doing he is backed up by all the traditions of the past. The spinning-wheel and the distaff have occupied the femenine attention since the days when Homer chanted of the domestic virtues of the female members of Priam's household by that great old Trojan city, around which the very gods fought in the twilight of history. The Amazonians may have been good fighters, but the average recruiting sergeant is somehow prejudiced in favor of his own sex.

It is true, woman has occasionally performed heroic deeds, but then it may be noticed that the one who captured man's favor was the lady who afterwards returned to her womanly cares. Virgil, in the early time, sang of Dido as dux femina facti, but it may be remarked in passing that it was largely owing to her gentler accomplishments that she subjugated the storm-tossed Æneas. In Joan of Arc we see a modern Penthesilea, who, unlike the fair bicyclists of today, laid aside man's attire after the accomplishment of her great mission. We do not read of Portia following up the law after her legal rescue of the hapless victim of Shylockian arts. No doubt Shakespeare, that immortal portrayer of human passion, perceived that in that event she would have lost her "pull" with the male element, and so he accordingly restored her to her rightful sphere. As in the electrical world like things do not seek each other, so may we perceive that man sees a charm in woman in the very characteristics of which his own sterner nature is destitute. From a sentimental point of view there are inestimable advantages, involving, as they do, both sections of the human race in a heritage of mutual helpfulness and trust. Though the present is somewhat clouded, man, in this connection, may soon perceive a star of hope, presaging the return of woman, a repentant Katharine, to her old allegiance, thus acknowledging Nature's supremacy in her wide domain and her supreme power over the exaction of her nobler edicts.

W. J. PURCELL.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street. Telephone Main 174.

PAT QUINLAN TALKS.

CHICAGO POLICE GET SOMETHING TANGIBLE AT LAST.

Obtained from the Man and Wife Who Were Holmes' Right Hand Men, as it Were—Disappearance of Mrs. Conner and Her Child Also Explained.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—The police have at last obtained a partial confession from Pat Quinlan, the janitor of Holmes' "Castle," and have, they believe, positive evidence that Benjamin F. Pitzel was murdered in this city by Holmes and the corpse sent to Philadelphia. The confession was wormed out of the Quinlans by means of a tip given the local officers by Detective Geyer, of Philadelphia, who has arrived in this city. The exact nature of the story told by the Quinlans the police will not reveal. It is learned, however, that a confession was made covering all the details of the murder of Pitzel with the exception of the actual place in which the crime was committed. This, the police declare, they will have today, and they declare that by sunset on Aug. 5 they will have indisputable evidence that Pitzel came to his end through the direct agency of H. H. Holmes.

Murder of Mrs. Conner and Child.

It is also stated that Chief Badenoch and his detectives are nearer a solution of the Holmes mystery than ever before. Mrs. Quinlan has given information which brings the charge of murder nearer to Holmes than at any time since the case was opened. Quinlan and his wife have made admissions by which the chief of police can use them on the witness stand against Holmes in proving that Mrs. Conner and her child were made away with by Holmes for the purpose of securing the insurance which Mrs. Conner carried on her life in favor of her daughter, or in which Cora Quinlan's life cut an important figure.

Knew Too Much of Holmes' Affairs.

Further, Quinlan and his wife proved to the police that Mrs. Conner was so well aware of the schemes which Holmes was operating that it became necessary for Holmes to put the woman out of the way. Mrs. Quinlan further admitted that she saw the body of Mrs. Conner after she was dead, and that Pearl Conner disappeared mysteriously in the "Castle" after her return from a trip to Lakota, Mich. Mrs. Conner's body was buried somewhere close to the spot where Pearl's supposed body was found. The police will make a further search in that corner.

Carried on a Business in "Stiffs."

Quinlan and his wife also admitted that a business of receiving and disposing of dead bodies stolen from country graveyards was carried on in the "Castle" under the direction of Holmes. The bodies were brought to the "Castle" and chemically treated and then disposed of to medical colleges. The coffins were remade by Quinlan, Pitzel and Holmes, and disposed of to undertakers at a fair profit.

ON A BLOODY TRAIL.

Chicago Police Find Real Evidence of Murder in Holmes' Case.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—Human blood was found yesterday in Holmes' "Castle" bespattered from one room to another. Science aided the detectives where other agencies had failed, and uncovered more startling evidence against Holmes and Pat Quinlan that had yet been found in the "Castle." The detectives and medical expert found in the "Castle" a trail of blood leading from the doorway of the dining room of Mrs. Julia L. Conner to the sink in the same room; from there into the dark chamber where she and Pearl formerly slept, and then to the inside door opening into the bath room, where the secret trap door was; on the baseboard of that room above the trap door, and down the secret staircase which led to the false elevator shaft, and thence into the basement. The blood was human. A cloth of blood mixed with human hair was also found.

In the debris in the dark chamber where the mother and child slept were found some child's underwear stained with blood; a pair of brown diagonal trousers, stained at the bottom with blood; the pocket of a woman's dress, blood-soaked; a handkerchief which had been used to wipe up the blood with, and various cloths and parts of underclothing spotted with blood. These articles were examined microscopically at the time of their discovery and the test made showed that the stains were human blood. A rope was found in the dark chamber, and in the knots blood was discovered.

In Pat Quinlan's private rooms were found two trunks of a theatrical type. One was purchased from Meeks in Denver. On both trunks were the initials "M. B. W." These initials were painted over. The initials are those of Minnie R. Williams. Quinlan stated, after being taken into custody, that the trunks belonged to him. The detectives have now the truth; both trunks belonged to Minnie Williams. Quinlan will be confronted with this evidence. He will also be faced with books found in his possession, and which belonged to Minnie Williams.

There are magazines bearing date as late as April, 1894, demonstrating that Minnie Williams was alive at that time. The fact that one of her trunks was bought in Denver is explained by the information that after she entered the employ of Holmes she entered the theatrical business in Denver. Chief Badenoch also secured, in addition to the above evidence, positive proof that Benjamin F. Pitzel was at Dwight as a patient when Emeline Cigrand was there as a stenographer. He went under the name of Robert E. Phelps.

Under the name of Phelps he met Emily Cigrand and wooed her. The girl did not leave Dwight of her own free will, but was discharged for inability to properly perform her duties. As soon as she left Dwight she came to Chicago and entered the employ of Holmes. There again she met Pitzel under the name of Phelps. The inference drawn by the officers from the trail of blood is that the blood, being human, came from some person killed in the dark chamber, dragged from there to the trap-door, thence down the secret doorway to the basement beneath.

Notified of an Increase.

LEBANON, Pa., Aug. 5.—The Pennsylvania Bolt and Nut company has notified its employes in the puddle and rolling mills that their wages were increased 10 per cent., the order to go into effect on Aug. 17.

ROARING TORRENTS.

Many People Drowned in a Flood at Socorro, N. M.

DENVER, Aug. 1.—A News special from Socorro, N. M., says: A tremendous roaring startled the people of Socorro about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Shortly after huge waves of water came rushing down an arroyo which drains the eastern slope of the Magdalena mountains and almost encircles the town. At first it was hoped the floods would be confined to the lower portion of the city, but soon the water came over above the town and three feet of water began to rush through the principal street. The shrieks of women and children mingled with crashing of falling houses and dying wails of souls swept into eternity made a tumult that was enough to appal the stoutest heart.

The destructive waters spread over the entire city, and carried death everywhere. Many are missing. For twelve miles south the destruction of property was terrible. Farm houses and crops were entirely swept away. The Santa Fe track was washed out between here and San Antonio in several places. The branch road from this city to Magdalena is practically destroyed for ten miles out, five bridges and several miles of track being gone.

The names of the recovered dead thus far are: Leander Duran, Celia Duran, Thomas Duran, J. B. Duran, —— Duran, —— Duran, child of E. Baca. Only two members of the Duran family are alive. No estimate of the loss can be made, but it is more than $1,000,000. It is now raining in the mountains, and great feare are entertained as to the safety of the city. It is said that three small towns south of here were totally destroyed.

CASPER, Wyo., Aug. 1.—A disastrous cloudburst occurred at the head of Garden creek, a small mining stream seven miles south of here. The water came down the valley in a solid wall ten feet high, carrying everything before it. A freighter and family named Newby camped on the creek four miles from here were in bed when the flood came upon them. They were hurled into the mass of water and debris, Newby only getting out. His wife and child were carried off.

Sam Parson's camp, near Newby's was caught by the waters in the same manner and his two children were carried away in the torrent. Five other freight outfits were camped on the creek who lost everything except human life. Garden creek is about seven miles long from mouth to source, and was lined with camps. It is not saying too much to assert that at least fifty persons escaped with nothing on but their sleeping garments.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Aug. 1.—A cloudburst occurred in the mountain near the town of Adelaide, and a wall of water twenty feet high rushed down the narrow canon. Three lives were lost and four employes of the railroad company are missing. The dead are: Mrs. Carr, Mr. Tracey, a cook (name unknown). The missing: R. M. Gove, engineer; Dick Dolan, brakeman; Frank Caldwell, brakeman; C. G. Hitchcock, night operator at Florence.

The hotel, which was owned by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Tracey, was completely demolished, but the waiters escaped. There were two landslides, one at Adelaide, the other at South Four Mile. The latter landslide covered the railroad track for about 100 feet. The depot and section house at Adelaide were filled with about four feet of water.

MISSOURI STATE DEMOCRATS.

Their Convention at Pertle Springs Overwhelmingly Free Silver.

PERTLE SPRINGS, Aug. 6.—The state Democratic financial, otherwise called the silver, convention was called to order at noon today. Some 460 delegates are in attendance. That the convention will declare for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 admits of no doubt. The only question of uncertainly is—will the convention depose the state central committee?

Congressman Bland has been working hard to accomplish such a purpose, and Senator Cockrell, Governor Stone, Congressman De Armond, and a dozen other prominent Democrats have been helping him. From indications a compromise will be effected by allowing the convention to name new members of the committee; that is, one for each congressional district and three at large.

The silver men are so overwhelmingly in the majority that opposition to any programme they agree to would be the height of folly. The old Confederate element is talking harmony. It seems about a certainty that the state central committee will come out of the fight badly singed, and that it will have a great fight to have an existence when the convention adjourns.

Ohio Populist Ticket.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 3.—The Populist state ticket complete is: Jacob S. Coxey, of Stark, for governor; John H. Crofton, of Hamilton, lieutenant governor; Geo. Harper, of Greene, treasurer; William Baker, of Licking, attorney general; S. D. Stark, of Cuyahoga, supreme judge; William A. Gloyd, of Tuscarawas, public whrks; Thomas M. Hickman, of Morrow, clerk supreme court.

Aside from the indorsement of the Omaha platform the indorsement of Coxey's non-interest bond scheme and good roads bills and the denouncing of the trial of Debs were the principal points in the platform.

All Is Quiet at Omaha.

OMAHA, Aug. 5.—Things have been quiet in the city. The fire and police board decided it was not necessary to maintain an army of policemen at the police station to defend them from an attack of a mob. Accordingly the seventy-five special policemen who had been on duty for the preceding thirty hours were ordered to remove their stars and go home prepared to answer a call at any time. The squabble is now in the courts, and has been postponed by mutual consent until tomorrow.

Maryland Town Burned.

BERLIN, Aug. 5.—This beautiful town was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The loss is $200,000, with but $25,000 insurance. Seventy-five houses were burned, twenty of them residences, and scores of people are homeless.

Prohibition Campmeeting Closed.

DECATUR, Ill., Aug. 5.—The National Prohibition campmeeting closed here last evening after being in session eleven days. Nine excursion trains brought 10,000 people to the last meeting.

DRIVEN OUT BY A MOB.

Negro Settlement in Illinois Attacked by White Miners.

SPRING VALLEY, Aug. 5.—It is estimated that forty men, women and children were wounded by the mob at the settlement, many of whom it is thought will die.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., Aug. 5.—A patch of some 100 odd company houses near No. 3 shaft, inhabited almost exclusively by negroes, was visited by a vengeful mob of 500 white miners from this city and given a taste of mob violence. Near midnight five colored men had held up a white man named Barney Role, between this city and the negro settlement, and after robbing him of nearly $100 in money fired three pistol shots into him and left him for dead. Role is the third man shot in that vicinity in the past few weeks, but he was the first white man. When the white miners of this city heard of the crime they assembled on the public square and decided to march in a body to General Manager Dalzell's house and demand of him the discharge of every colored man in the settlement.

A brass band was then secured and the mob repaired to the general manager's house. He refused to grant what the white miners wanted. They then told him that as he was not disposed to run them out of town they would take the matter up themselves, and with that they marched towards No. 3. By the time the mob arrived at the settlement most of the negroes, having been notified of the wrath of the whites, had fled to the woods. About a dozen were caught and treated to the most violent kicks; stones were hurled at them, and shots were fired at their retreating figures. Two were shot, but not seriously hurt.

The colored boarding house at No. 3, run by Gus Ferguson, was attacked and all the inmates fled for their lives. The mob then ransacked the houses, breaking the furniture and committing other depredations.

By noon every negro had fled the city. All afternoon a gang of men with pistols and shotguns scoured the woods hunting for negroes to shoot at. Sheriff Clark, who was telegraphed for, arrived in the city late in the afternoon with about a dozen deputies. No more trouble is anticipated unless the negroes attempt to come back. There is a terrible prejudice against them here. There is much feeling against Manager Dalzell, at whose instance it is alleged they were imported in here last fall when there was not work enough for the old employes. Everything was quiet last night, but trouble is expected today if the negroes go to work.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—The negro citizens here are much excited over the outrages on their race at Spring Valley, and have issued a call for a mass meeting to take action. One meeting has already been held, and a telegram sent to Governor Altgeld asking him to protect the negro citizens at Spring Valley. Some of the more radical advocate a call to arms.

At Peoria the negroes held a meeting at which twenty-six men signed their names to a paper agreeing to go to Bureau county and help fight the matter out.

BRITISH BUTCHERED IN CHINA.

Ten Killed by a Chinese Mob, Including Men, Women and Children.

LONDON, Aug. 5.—A Shanghai dispatch to The Times says that the mission and sanitarium at Wha Sang, near Ku Cheng, province of Fokein, has been attacked and ten British subjects killed. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, wife and child were burned in their house. The Misses Yellow and Marshall, two sisters named Saunders, two sisters named Gordon, and Steetle Newcombe were murdered with spears and swords.

Miss Codrington was seriously wounded about the head and Stewart's eldest child had a knee-cap badly injured, while the youngest had an eye gouged out. Rev. Mr. Phillips, with two Americans—Dr. Gregory and Miss Hartford—were both wounded, but arrived safely at Fu Chau Fu.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—A dispatch has been received at the state department from Consul General Jernigan, at Shanghai, stating that in the riots at Ku Cheng, China, no American missionaries were hurt, the victims being all British.

Fire at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 6.—At 2 p. m. yesterday fire was discovered in the Cincinnati wharfboat. It soon threatened everything on the public landing and in port. The conflagration lasted less than an hour, burning two large wharfboats and two steamers and causing a loss of over $100,000. The fire swept everything in its reach. The whole department was out, but it could only prevent it from spreading to other craft in the harbor.

Taylor Brothers Guilty of Murder.

CARROLLTON, Mo., Aug. 3.—"We, the jury, find the defendants, William P. and George Taylor, guilty of murder in the first degree." Such was the verdict rendered in the notorious Meeks murder trial. The Taylors were charged with the murder of several members of the Meeks family, who were enticed from home in a wagon and killed on the road the night of May 10, 1894. They killed Meeks, his wife and two children and nearly killed a third child.

Boies Will Not Be a Candidate.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Aug. 5.—Horace Boies has written a letter to H. O. Bishop, chairman of the Linn county Democratic convention, in which he says his attention has been called to resolutions adopted favoring his nomination for governor, and stating that he cannot consent to the use of his name in connection with the nomination, for reasons which are wholly personal.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Judge JOHN DEAN CATON, ex-chief justice of the Illinois supreme court, at Chicago.

WILLIAM KISSINGER, well-known citizen of Elkhart, Ind.

OLIVER ENNIS, prominent G. A. R. man at Greensburg, Ind.

SIMON WORMSER, the well-known banker, at New York.

Rt. Rev. M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE, Episcopal bishop of central Pennsylvania, at Bristol, Pa.

GEORGE BABCOCK, a retired capitalist of Pekin, Ills.

RICHARD M. HUNT, the well-known architect, at Newport, R. I.

HUGH O'BRIEN, ex-mayor of Boston, at Somerville, Mass.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 2.—The Republicans of the legislature have agreed to wind up the extra session, and the house has adopted by a viva voce vote a resolution to adjourn sine die today. The senate Republicans in caucus agreed to do the same tomorrow. Merriam's resolution calling on the persons and newspapers who charge corruption on this legislature to go before the grand juries in their respective counties and tell what they know was again defeated in the house—73 to 41. The senate bill to increase the tax levy $1,000,000 for the next two years was sent to third reading, the revenue bill discussed and the labor arbitration bill passed with amendments.

The senate appointed a conference committee on the arbitration bill, made the house libel bill special order for today, and then took recess.

The senate concurred in house resolution for adjournment sine die and adjourned until today.

Governor Altgeld declined to say whether or not he would call the legislature back again for the passage of the bills mentioned in his call. He said he had not given the matter consideration.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 2.—The house passed a resolution declaring that much of the legislation desired by Governor Altgeld in calling the special session was unnecessary and useless to remain in session longer. The tax levy bill was passed and the house adjourned sine die. The senate defeated the house bill to repeal the libel law and after some other business adjourned sine die.

MYSTERY OF M'AFEE'S DEATH.

Identity of the Arrested Suspect Established—Confession Promised.

LINCOLN, Ills., Aug. 6.—The mystery surrounding the murder of Louis McAfee on Sunday, July 21, near here, is clearing up. McAfee was shot dead on his porch. The assassin escaped, and a vigorous search was prosecuted, resulting in the arrest of a man named Charles King, claiming Kingston, Tenn., as his home. King confesses to being Joseph Leonard Giles, from Solo, Harrison county, O. Correspondence received here verifies the statements, and establishes the further fact that he was an inmate of the Ohio state insane asylum at Columbus, but was discharged.

He was identified as a roaming tramp in Menard county, this state, who demanded coffee from a farmer's wife at the point of a pistol, but was chased away by the husband, armed with a rifle. He later appeared at another farmer's place near here, and being refused food said he wanted to kill some one and brandished a pistol. Giles is weakening; he says he will find the pistol which killed McAfee and make a complete confession if the authorities consent to try, convict and execute him here.

State Short of Cash.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 5.—A local paper says: "The state is already out of money to all practical purposes. According to statements of the auditor's office it is on the verge of bankruptcy. The auditor has issued warrants for about $100,000, and there is not over $500,000 in the treasury. The statement is made that if all outstanding obligations of the state were paid there would not be a dollar in the treasury.

"Wherever it is possible to save expenditures until next year it will be done. The state is hard up for cash and will have to economize and put off its creditors just as long as possible. There will be but little money coming into the state treasury for some time. State taxes, on which the most reliance is to be placed, will not come in befre next April."

Bills Approved by Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 6.—Governor Altgeld has signed the following bills passed by the special session: House bill creating state board arbitration, senate bill increasing tax levy of state $500,000 per annum for the ensuing two years, senate bill appropriating $5,000 for payment of employes of the special session, senate joint resolution requesting United States Senators Cullom and Palmer to urge congress to improvement of various harbors at Chicago.

Failure in Hardware.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—The wholesale hardware firm of Woodrough & Hanchett, 38 and 40 Lake street, has failed. The collapse was caused by the hard times. The liabilities are $180,000 and the assets are estimated at $240,000, of which $140,000 consists of accounts receivable. The firm expects to pay all of its indebtedness in full, but as collections are hard it will be some time before it can do this.

Illinois Board of Arbitration.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 3.—Governor Altgeld has appointed the following as the first state board of arbitration to serve for one, two and three years: William P. Rend of Chicago, an employer of labor; Charles J. Riffler of Springfield state president United Labor organization and Judge Anthony Thornton of Shelbyville. The appointments were at once confirmed by the senate.

Notes of the State.

H. Clay Merritt, of Kewanee, Ills., charged with illegally dealing in game, was found guilty by a justice and fines were assessed against him to the amount of $28,600. Merritt took an appeal to the circuit court. There are clear cases enough against Merritt to subject him to a maximum fine of over $600,000.

Jessie A. Neff, of Ludlow, Ills., and Charles Crusen, of Paxton, eloped on bicycles and secured a marriage license at Urbana, Ills. The young woman wore bloomers.

William Green and Abe Pinkerton, of Viola, Ills., have been arrested, charged with burglary there. Green has confessed.

A petition from Decatur, Ills., asking for the pardon of Maria Barberi and signed by 500 citizens of that place has been received by Governor Morton, of New York.

Secretary Herbert at Buzzards Bay.

BUZZARDS BAY, Mass., Aug. 5.—Secretary of the Navy Herbert arrived here. The president was at the station to meet Mr. Herbert, and they were immediately driven to Gray Gables, where the secretary of the navy will remain as a guest for several days.

GREAT VICTORY FOR THE MINERS.

Obtain the Concession of Almost Every Demand and Avert a Strike.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 3.—The coal miners and the operators have finally reached an agreement and there will be no strike.

The agreement is claimed as the biggest victory ever made by organized labor. Almost every demand was granted, and the operators gave a written guarantee for their fulfillment of the contract. The papers were signed last night which increase the wages of 100,000 miners in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The terms of the agreement are that the present rate of wages shall continue in force until Oct. 1, when every operator in the Pittsburg district will pay the 69-cent rate with a differential of 5 cents in favor of operators who do not have company stores.

The agreement further provides for another advance on Jan. 1. It is understood that the rate will then be made 70 cents. Above all W. P. Dearmitt, who has whipped the miners at every turn heretofore, has been brought over and will pay the 64-cent rate as he does not have the company stores. The effect of this settlement is to advance the mining rate in Ohio and Indiana from 51 cents to 60 cents. It also helps the rate in Illinois, and brings the strike there to an end. It also changes the end of the scale year from April 30 to Jan. 1. This is the first time a differential has ever been granted against company stores, and it is expected that it will result in having all of them abolished.

Another feature of the miners' victory is that a convention of miners and operators is to be held on the second Thursday of October in each year to fix the mining rate for the next year, so that the rate for each year can be settled before the scale year expires. The first joint convention under this agreement is to be held next October.

NO INDIANS IN SIGHT.

Cavalry Reaches Jackson's Hole and Agent Teter Is in Evidence.

MARKET LAKE, Ida., Aug. 3.—The cavalry has reached Jackson's Hole. The indications are that the infantry will be stopped en route and not go into the Hole, as there are no Indians in sight. The scare exists along the route the Indians are taking in returning to the reservations. Notwithstanding the threats made against the life of Agent Teter and his chief clerk, Ravanel McBeth, they have gone ahead of the troops into Jackson's Hole to warn the settlers not to attack the Indians, and to obtain the names of all the parties concerned in what Agent Teter insists on calling the massacre of the Indians.

Miss Flagler Kills a Boy.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Miss Flagler, daughter of General Flagler, chief of ordnance, U. S. A., shot and killed Ernest Green, a boy who was stealing fruit in her father's garden. At the coroner's inquest she said she had fired to scare the boys, who had been stealing the fruit for some weeks; had not taken aim at anybody, but just fired at random. The coroner's verdict was that, although the shot was fired carelessly and indifferently, it was probably not with murderous intent, and upon the evidence Miss Flagler could not be held. She was thereupon released.

Offer for a Big Horse Race.

RED OAK, Ia., Aug. 6.—The following message was sent from here to Colonel C. J. Hamlin, Buffalo, N. Y., owner of Robert J.; John G. Taylor, Buffalo, owner of Joe Patchen, and M. E. McHenry, Freeport, Ills., owner of John R. Gentry: "Will give a purse of $5,000 for a race between Robert J., John R. Gentry and Joe Patchen, at Pactolus park, Thursday, Aug. 15. American rules to govern. Money divided—60, 25, and 15 per cent.

Five Prisoners Break Jail.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 5.—Five prisoners at Huntingdon escaped from the county jail, and one of them was R. F. Trusiow, a notorious bank looter, who was under sentence of three years in the penitentiary, pending an appeal. Assistance was given from the outside during the absence of the jailer.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent. Sterling exchange dull and steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489½@490¾ for demand and 488½@489¾ for sixty day; posted rates 489½@490 and 490½@491; commercial bills, 486¾.

Silver certificates 65¾@66¾; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 125¾; do. coupons, 125¾; 5's reg., 113; 5's coupons, 113½; 4's reg., 112; 4's coupons, 112½; 2's reg., 96½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 67c, closed 67¾c; September, opened 68c, closed 68¾c; December, opened 70¾c, closed 70¾c. Corn—August, nominal, closed 40¾c; September, opened 41¾c, closed 41c; December, opened 34½c, closed 33½c; May, opened 34¼c, closed 33¾c. Oats—August, nominal, closed 20¾c; September, opened 21¼c, closed 20¾c; May, opened 24¾c, closed 24¼c. Pork—September, opened $9.70, closed $9.40; January, opened $10.35, closed $10.12½. Lard—September, opened $6.12½, closed $6.00.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 18½c per lb; extra dairy, 15@16c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 10@11c per lb; hens, 6@6½c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 8@9c; ducks, 8@10c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Ohio, 30@35c per bu. Blackberries, Michigan, $1.50@2.00 per 16-qt case; raspberries, red, $1.60@1.75 per 24-pt case. New apples—70c@$1.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; sales ranged at $5.50@4.75 pigs, $4.80@5.35 light, $4.40@4.70 rough packing, $4.40@5.60 mixed, and $4.75@5.10 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $5.40@5.90 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.75@5.75 good to choice do., $4.10@4.65 fair to good, $3.50@3.90 common to medium do., $3.40@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.05 stockers, $3.30@3.90 feeders, $1.70@3.70 cows, $2.50@4.40 heifers, $2.25@3.80 bulls, $2.60@4.35 Texas steers, $3.50@5.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $3.30@3.85 westerns, $2.00@3.65 Texans, $1.75@4.75 natives, and $4.50@6.00 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 5.

Wheat—Cash, 63½c; August, 63½c; September, 69½c; December, 71½c. Corn—Cash, 33½c; August, 37½c; September, 38c; December, 29½c. Oats—Cash, 23½c; options lower; August, 20c; September, 20½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 31.

Denver citizens have organized a vigilance committee to resist the payment of water rates until they are adjusted by the city council.

A church organist shocked a Mason, O., congregation by appearing at a prayer meeting in red bloomers.

A vein of gold ore has been found at Victor, Colo., which will assay $140,000 to the ton.

Governor Morton, of New York, is in receipt of an anonymous letter from a man at Fort Scott, Kan., offering to die in Maria Barberi's stead if the laws of the state will permit it.

The bloomer costume has been the means of breaking the marriage engagement between Frank Hammond and Lily Drew. He said she must give up bloomers or him; she gave up him.

Professor Wiggins says the water in the great lakes is decreasing every year and that the time is near at hand when Niagara Falls will cease to be.

Thursday, Aug. 1.

F. R. Strain, James Manley, Timothy McCarthy, John Ready, A. E. Gage, Andrew Buchanan, Joseph O'Reilly, Fred Sanger, Ed Hopp, and John Neybert have been indicted by a Chicago grand jury charged with crookedness in a precinct in the First ward by which McGann was given a larger vote for congress than he received. The indicted men were judges and clerks of election.

Mrs. Walter Murray, who claims to be a daughter-in-law of ex-Chief of Police Murray, of New York, visited the races at Windsor, Ont., and later reported to the police at Detroit that she had been robbed of $1,200 worth of diamonds.

E. G. Hickman, who sent threatening letters to A. M. Rothschild, was held to the criminal court at Chicago.

Judge Dallas has authorized the Reading to pay $439,000 for 1,000 new coal cars.

It is said the C. B. and Q. will ask the next congress to give it a right of way through Yellowstone park.

Friday, Aug. 2.

Fire at Menominee, Mich., caused a loss of $500,000 and resulted in several men being injured. The principal losers are: A. Spies, Girard Lumber company, and Bay Shore Lumber company.

The Dollar Savings bank at Kansas City has gone into voluntary liquidation for the purpose of retiring from business.

The puddlers in the York, Pa., rolling mills have been notified that on and after Aug. 12 the rate for puddling would be increased from $2.75 to $3 per ton.

It is reported at New York that the Cubans are thinking seriously of stealing the United States dynamite cruiser Vesuvius and using her against the Spanish fleet keeping guard over Cuba.

It is asserted at Milwaukee that there is no such yacht as the Sunbeam, reported missing with the son of the Earl of Aberdeen on board. It is certain that the earl's son is not on the vessel.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

The latest uprising in Salvador has been quelled and that republic is in an abnormal state of quiet.

James Lewis and Jesse Stockley, of Kenosha, Wis., have been arrested on complaint of Game Warden Truesdale for alleged violation of the state game law. The complaint charged them with shooting prairie chickens during the close season.

Chicago and Northwestern gross earnings for the last fiscal year were $23,103,-574. Net earnings, $2,407,048.

Louise V. Kissam, a niece of W. H. Vanderbilt, and Louis S. Kerr, the Wall street broker, eloped from Monmouth Beach, N. J., and were married at New York.

Jersey Central people expect to make regular use of a new locomotive that runs ninety miles an hour. It has two seven-foot drivers.

The Kentucky Lumber company's mills burned at Williamsburg, Ky. The mill was not running. Insurance, $25,000; loss, $50,000.

Monday, Aug. 5.

Mrs. Minnie Murray, who died at Olneysville, R. I., claimed to have been 116 years old. It is known that she was alive 108 years ago.

E. M. Greene, a ship's writer at the training station at Newport, R. I., has mysteriously disappeared. He is the second writer to disappear within a year.

The Birmingham (Ala.) Rolling Mill company has given notice of an advance in wages to 300 puddlers, from $4 to $4.25 per ton.

The six-day strike of the Brotherhood of Tailors at New York has been declared off. The strike resulted in an overwhelming victory for the strikers.

Miss Susan B. Anthony had to cancel her engagement to speak at the Silver Lake assembly, on account of illness. This was the second time in her life that she had canceled such an engagement for the same reason. She will rest for the remainder of the summer.

Deputy United States Marshals Ritchie and Everhart have arrested William Rush at Alton, Ills. He is charged with robbing postoffices in Jersey county last fall.

Thomas Butler and Timothy Sweeney were carried over Niagara Falls. They were sailing above the cataract when their boat was capsized by a squall.

Tuesday, Aug. 6.

Block coal miners at Brazil, Ind., are jubilant over the victory won by the bituminous miners in Pennsylvania. An agreement between the miners at Brazil and the owners of the mines is to the effect that if Pennsylvania miners won wages were to be increased.

My Husband Suffered

For years with catarrh, rheumatism and chronic diarrhœa contracted in the war.

In the fall he had the grip and came near death's door. He could not eat or sleep and was much emaciated. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla did him so much good that he kept on taking it. He now has a good appetite and has gained in flesh. I think it saved his life." AMANDA CASKETTEN, Mt. Jackson, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

THE FOREST POOL.

Lean down and see your little face
Reflected in the forest pool.
Tall foxgloves grow about the place;
Forgetmenots grow blue and cool.
Look deep and see the naiad rise
To meet the sunshine of your eyes.

Your face lies where the lilies rest.
The naiad rises clothed in grace.
She lays a lily on your breast.
She lays her face against your face—
Her face, more fair than any maid's
Whoever trod these sylvan glades.

Ah—look no more—the waters stirs
The naiad weeps your face to see.
Your beauty is more rare than hers,
And you are more beloved than she.
Fly, fly, before she steal the charms
The pool has trusted to her arms!
—New York Tribune.

A WORK OF GENIUS.

Hardly a week had passed since the man of genius had died in a shabby bedroom on the second floor of that dingy lodging house on the Kensington road, when some people entered the chamber.

They were the few friends who adhered to the dead man in the last black days of his adversity. Between them they had paid his landlady, his doctor and his nurse. One of them had adopted his little child—the only relative that he was known to have. Now they had come to see the removal of such papers and personal effects as he might have left. More particularly they wanted to take possession, on the child's behalf, of the "Work of Genius," the great play to which he had been putting his finishing touches when he was taken ill.

Mrs. Saunders, the servant girl said, was out. Yes, she had had Mr. Bourne's letter, but didn't expect him quite so early. She had gone shopping, but was sure to be back soon. Would the gentlemen step in and wait?

They would. So she showed the visitors into the little front parlor, where the man of genius had lived and worked.

There were three of them—St. John Bourne, the great tragedian, lessee and manager of the Hyde Park theater, who, seven years before, had produced the play which had first made the man of genius known. Philip Gaythorne, the dramatic critic, who had extolled it, in hysterical and almost tearful periods, in the columns of The Daily Meteor, and Ralph Ericson, the young bohemian barrister, who did not practice, but cultivated the muses on a parental allowance of $2,000 a year.

The room in which they sat down to wait was miserably dismal. A medical student, who was just then away enjoying himself in the operating theater of St. Thomas' hospital, had succeeded to it. Indications of his calling were not wanting. On the mantelpiece were a skull and a disorderly arrangement of microscopic slides. On the table there was a stethoscope, half covered with a dirty pack of cards. In a corner there were test tubes filled with glycerin, for the culture of tubercle bacilli. There was a mingled odor of iodoform and stale tobacco smoke. Altogether the place was very melancholy and not at all fit to be the dwelling of a man of genius.

The three men took off their hats and gloves and unbuttoned their fur lined overcoats and sat down on the least uncomfortable of the chairs and talked. Their talk, as was natural, was of the man of genius—of his sudden rise, of his gradual decline, of the great work that was at last to have retrieved his fortunes, if he had lived.

For the man had sprung in a night from obscurity to greatness. His name till then had been unknown even to those who make it their business to keep their eyes upon the young men of promise who are presently to rise. One day it had been mysteriously whispered abroad that St. John Bourne had discovered a new dramatist of extraordinary talent. When public curiosity was thus sufficiently aroused, there had duly followed the announcement of "The Knight Errant, a New and Original Play, by Norman Voules." Then came the production, hailed with tumultuous acclamations, and the author passed at a single step into the front rank of writers for the English stage.

Philip Gaythorne spoke of the memorable first night.

"I never saw a house more enthusiastic," he said. "You never had a part, Bourne, which fitted you better, but, for once, I think, there was even more enthusiasm for the author than for the actor. Nobody knew him. We were all asking each other who he was and where he came from, and nobody would say. Indeed I'm not sure that I know where he came from even now. He was always very reticent about his beginnings. Have you any idea what they were?"

"Something commercial," Bourne answered. "I rather fancied he manufactured vinegar, in a small way, in Bermondsey, or was it mineral waters? I can't be sure. Whatever it was, the poor fellow would have done better for himself if he'd stuck to it."

"You think his success turned his head, then?" said Ericson.

"Undoubtedly. He'd been working and waiting for it for years, caring for nothing else, thinking of nothing else. Nobody encouraged him; nobody would read his plays. I only read 'The Knight Errant' myself by the merest accident. I took it up one night when I was suffering from insomnia, thinking it would send me to sleep. Instead of that it kept me awake, and I put it in rehearsal and produced it two months afterward. Poor Voules was quite overwhelmed by the success. He walked about like a man in a dream. He couldn't work. He couldn't do anything but talk about himself and ask what people were saying about him. He gave up his business and fell away from his old friends and became a bohemian of the bohemians."

Ralph Ericson, who himself had deserted Philistia for Bohemia, put in a word for the bohemian life.

"Bohemia is all very well for some of us," Bourne continued, "but it is very bad for a man like Norman Voules, who plunges into it suddenly at 35. He can't take it as a matter of course. He enjoys it too much. He gets to regard midnight suppers as the serious business of life. He hangs about clubs drinking whisky and saying smart things when he ought to be sitting at home putting them on paper. When he does get home, he finds that the whisky and soda have taken away all his energy for work; that, instead of going to bed early and getting fit for it, he sits up drinking more whisky and soda and thinking of it. Then he finds, as poor Norman did, that he is spending money a good deal faster than he is making it. Sometimes he makes a desperate effort and recovers himself; sometimes he doesn't."

In this way the talk turned upon the gradual lapse of Norman Voules, which made a melancholy story. His first signal triumph had never been followed by a second. In the course of seven years two one act pieces of moderate but by no means startling merit were the only works of his pen that had been seen upon the stage.

A part of the money earned by "The Knight Errant" he had lost in a magazine which had failed miserably, owing to inefficient management. Extravagant living accounted for the rest. So he had come to poverty.

St. John Bourne, who never turned his back on an old friend, had given him a small annuity, and on that he lived. But, for the most part, la haute Boheme had ceased to know him or take interest in him. He haunted stage doors, shabbily dressed. He failed to pay his subscription to the clubs and was seldom invited to visit them as a guest.

"I remember," Ericson said, "about two years ago, poor Norman always used to turn up at the monthly dinners of the Silurians at the Criterion. He wasn't a member, and he wasn't a guest, but he used to look in with the jaunty pretense of having an appointment with some man who he knew perfectly well was not likely to be there. It was very painful, but some half dozen of us used to take it in turns to ask him to join us. He was excellent company, when we'd cheered him up a little. But that was before his wife left him. After that we never saw him there."

"Yes," said Bourne, "that was a sad story too. Norman was fond of her. The Bohemia life is bad for women of that sort when they're too pretty and their husbands can't give them as much money as they want."

It was so sad a story that they did not dwell on it. But Ericson went on:

"It sounds almost like a paradox. But I really believe that while his first success practically ruined him this great blow nearly made him a man again."

Philip Gaythorne observed regretfully that he had not noticed it.

"It did, though," Ericson rejoined. "You would have found it out if you'd seen as much of him as I did. He was quite crushed at first, for he was very fond of his wife, though he was too indolent to work for her. But afterward he began to feel that he wanted an object again in life, and he took to working again to give himself one. 'Art, my boy,' he used to say, 'is the only thing worth living for. I mean to live for art and nothing else. It will help me to forget. I'm going home to begin another play.'"

"And that was the play," Bourne said, "that he was finishing when he died?"

"Yes; the play that we have come down here to look for. It should be good. Poor Norman was taking infinite pains with it. He meant to put his whole soul into it. For the last year of his life I hardly ever heard him speak of anything else. I forget how many times he told me he had rewritten the first act. He wouldn't show it to me, he said, till he was quite satisfied that he had done his best. I suppose he never read you any of it for the same reason."

"Never," Bourne answered, "and I didn't press him. I hate criticising unfinished work. He used to talk of it often enough, though, in the Hyde Park greenroom. So far as I could make out, everybody he knew was to have a part in it—just the sort of part he liked best. He used to buttonhole everybody in turn. 'Ah, me boy,' he would say. 'I've got such a part for you—a rattling part—lots of "fat" and two or three splendid moments! I'm going home to work it up tonight.' But he did not get home very early, as a rule, on those nights. The men who were promised such splendid parts used to be hospitable to him. He must have worked very slowly."

"Yes, but also very carefully," said Gaythorne. "He was determined to have every detail right. I remember him consulting me about the names he would give his characters."

"A good choice of names is a very important consideration," interrupted St. John Bourne.

"I know it. There was to be a strike in Norman's play, and he spent a whole afternoon in my chamber trying to think of a good name with a good, sterling, honest ring like John Burns. Between us we thought of several, but none of them quite pleased him. He said he must think it out when he got home. Yes; he worked very slowly, but he was very confident of success when he should have got everything right."

"And all the while," said Bourne, "the poor fellow was killing himself with drink. I wonder if he knew it."

"He knew it well enough," Ralph Ericson replied. "He didn't particularly pant to live. The one thing that made life tolerable to him in those days was his work, and in the state he was in he could do no work without the drink. It whipped up his imagination and took him out of the world of commonplaces into which he had declined, and to which he always tended to relapse. Sometimes I remonstrated with him. He always listened patiently, and he always made the same reply. 'It was no use,' he said. If he gave up drinking, he would have to give up working. He didn't mind dying soon, but he wanted to do something worth doing before he died. In the old time ideas used to come to him spontaneously. Now he could only bring them back artistically by drinking. Once, I remember, he took down Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' and showed me that wonderful passage where the historian describes the poet sitting in his workroom at Jena wrecking his health with stimulants to quicken the working of his genius—'the toilworn but devoted soul alone, under the silent, starry canopy of night, offering up the troubled moments of existence on the altar of eternity!' That was his case, he said. The drink might kill him, but if it only helped him to leave a work of genius behind he didn't care. Then he went on talking of his work, telling me of scenes he had projected for it, scenes of such marvelous dramatic strength that I had not the heart to reproach him any more, but I felt instead that the sacrifice of his health and life to such an end was well worth the making."

He spoke with a rare and wonderful enthusiasm, which carried his listeners with him. They sat thinking silently for a few minutes, and then St. John Bourne said:

"Ericson, I shall produce that play."

After a further pause he added:

"I will put it on at a benefit matinee for Jessie. If it succeeds, it shall go into the evening's bill, and there will be the author's fees for Jessie. By Jove, Norman Voules' child will be an heiress, after all."

Then, reflectively:

"I suppose the play isn't left quite in a finished state. If it wants anything done to it, I think I will let you try your hand on it, Ericson. You seem to know better than the rest of us what Norman's ideas were. It'll be a chance for you, my boy."

It was a chance he had not dared to hope for. He smiled his thanks, telling himself that St. John Bourne was one of the few theatrical managers who sometimes carry out their promises. A few minutes later Mrs. Saunders came into the room, and the business of getting together the effects and papers of the man of genius could be begun.

The valuables were mostly gone, a bundle of pawn tickets bearing witness to their whereabouts. Beyond these there were only a few books and photographs, a drawer full of letters and some pictorial souvenirs of popular dramas, and, finally, there was the play, the chief object of their visit.

It was contained in a battered rosewood desk, carefully locked, which the landlady brought them, together with the key. St. John Bourne, to whom, as the duly appointed guardian of the dead man's child, the document belonged, took the desk from her and opened it.

He drew the sheets out one by one and laid them on the table. On the first, neatly and laboriously printed in archaic characters, was the title, "A Modern Hero, a New and Original Drama in Four Acts, by Norman Voules." The second contained a carefully drawn diagram of the stage, with the mysterious letters, "O. P.," "R. U. E.," etc., entered in their proper places. The next had a long list of characters, with the names scratched out and altered here and there, and an imaginary cast. There followed other lists of characters, with other names, Tom altered to Harry, for example, and Helen changed to Kate, and other imaginary casts. Next came stray scraps of isolated dialogue and stray hints for individual scenes, and brief memoranda concerning them, such as: "N. B.—A very strong situation this. Must work up to it very carefully." "Mem.—This must play not less than seven minutes." "Query.—Is this curtain original?" And that was all. The other sheets were blank, or, at the most, only stained with whisky.

"There must be some mistake," St. John Bourne exclaimed. "There is no play here, Ericson."

Then he addressed the landlady, who was still waiting in the room.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Saunders, that you have shown me all of Mr. Norman Voules' papers?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bourne. The gentleman locked them up himself the very day he was took ill, and nobody has had the chance to touch them since, not even Saunders, though he did ask where the key was, always being an inquisitive man, but I wouldn't tell him."

There was no reason to doubt her word, but he continued:

"I will ask you a further question, Mrs. Saunders. Were you aware of the nature of the documents which Mr. Voules kept in that desk?"

"Oh, Lor', yes, sir. Everybody knew. It was the play Mr. Voules was writing. Many's the time Mr. Voules used to talk to me about it when I was getting out his whisky for him at nights when he came home. 'Mrs. Saunders,' he used to say to me, 'one of the characters in my play is a respectable married woman of the lower middle class. What do you think would be a good name to give her? Your own name, now, is rather a good one. How would it be if I were to call her Elizabeth Saunders? Or do you think Jane Saunders would be better?'"

So she rattled on until she found that they had ceased to listen, being satisfied by the circumstantial evidence of the truth of what she said.

Bourne gathered up the papers and replaced them in the desk, smiling a hollow, sickly smile.

"We shall have to put on something else for Jessie's benefit," he said. "Poor fellow! It seems the drink had destroyed his genius long before it destroyed his life."

But Ralph Ericson would not have it so. His mind traveled back to that evening six months before, when Norman Voules had sat with him in his chambers and sketched the outline of the wonderful fabric that his brain was building up. Brilliant snatches of dialogue and startling pictures of powerful dramatic scenes darted back into his memory and dwelt there. His faith in the man of genius remained unshaken even under this last ordeal.

"No, no," he faltered. "I can't let you say that. The genius was always there. He hadn't written his play out, it seems, and the world will never know anything about it. But it was a work of genius, all the same."—Francis Gribble in London Sun.

READ

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Harnessing the Sun.

When we sit in front of a coal fire and enjoy its generous warmth, do we realize that the heat and light of the burning coal are really sunshine that has been stored up for ages? Such is the fact. Centuries ago the sun shone on the earth, and plants and trees grew, fell and grew again. They were covered by geologic deposits and acted upon by great heat and pressure, until in the course of years or ages these broad layers of organic matter were transformed into coal. The coal thus represents the work done by the sunshine years ago, and when it is burned the imprisoned solar energy is loosened again.

Our system of power production depends upon this presence of energy. But coal is a wasteful source of energy. Even the best engines do not utilize over 10 per cent of the calculated energy of the heat of coal, and besides this it is an inconvenient thing in many ways. It has to be mined, freighted and stored. Can we not find some more economical way of using the sun's energy?

During the last few years the great progress in electrical science has enabled man to utilize the solar heat in a thriftier way. During its day's work the sun draws up a large amount of water from the oceans and the damp earth. By the action of its rays plant life flourishes, and plants draw from the ground and evaporate into the air large amounts of water. Thus an oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tons of water during the five months it displays its foliage. This evaporated water, sooner or later, falls as rain, and by the action of gravity begins to flow downward. Thus the great rivers are fed. Round and round incessantly goes the water lifted by the tireless sun to fall when deserted by him, and again to be lifted, and again to fall and run seaward as long as it may exist upon this earth.—North American Review.

In a Breton Church.

The church, one finds, is here a very live thing in the midst of the life about it. It is never empty. It is full of the faint smell of incense and the pungency of continual occupation. Sabots clatter in and out, children come and go with sudden, hasty genuflections; old women sit in the corners or tell their beads before the altars; the lights flicker, and the tall plaster figures look down graciously smiling or gaze upward in a rapturous adoration. They are conventionally young and round fleshed and radiant in their tenderly colored robes and quaint contrasting gauds of crown and necklet and pendent votive hearts; conventional symbols of conventions and stiffly beautiful with a beauty that is itself a tradition, a beauty that is a rubric and an article of the faith, and a lingering small acceptance from the far days of a facile content in things religious.

Then the church fills with a swarm of white caps which lift themselves strangely into snowy wings and crests, so that one may pick out the women of the different pays, and men's voices chant sonorously, and the full rigged model ships, hanging in the chancel and before the Mary altar, vibrate and swing softly to and fro at the opening and shutting of doors. Those who have hung them there have long been dead, but there are faces in the crowd beneath that are raised toward them, and eyes that grow dim—too dim to see the dust of years that blackens the rigging, too dim to see anything but that more distant ship that is away at the Banks or at Iceland, in the fear of storms and the strange confusion of the fogs, and that will surely come back, unless—"Etoile de la Mer, send us our men home from the sea!"—Macmillan's Magazine.

New Games Wanted.

It is natural, we suppose, that the games played at any one time should be very few. Vanity comes in with its irresistible influence to secure that result. The classes imitate each other, and for competition to be severe there must be similarity of effort. A man cannot be great in a game known only to a village, and for "fame" to be as widely diffused as that of the great cricketers cricket must be played, or at least comprehended, by an entire nation. It is, however, matter for some surprise that new outdoor games are so exceedingly few and are so slow to catch hold. In our time only two have become really popular, lawn tennis and golf, and of those the first never descended to the people and is said to be now slowly decaying.

Polo of course can never be popular in a land where the masses do not ride, and baseball, the American game, has never caught on in England, while our winters are too uncertain for the people even to learn exciting ice games, like curling. It is hard to believe, however, that ingenuity has reached its limit in devising outdoor sports or that men are too conservative ever to accept new ideas for games. We can offer no suggestion, but there must be hundreds of minds more pliable than ours at work upon the subject, and we may remark that no democratic game has ever yet been started—that is, no game in which hundreds or even thousands can feel themselves active participators. At present the few play, and the multitudes look on, but they will not be content to do that forever, and we should not be surprised if, 30 years hence, there were a game in vogue which was more "national" than cricket and which occupied in the daily papers even larger space.—Saturday Review.

Editorial Sarcasm.

The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, wherein they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticise a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk with money due us. Tell your husband to send us $10.75 and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants. —Lebanon (Ills.) Journal.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 10, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"From Sire to Son."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE NEW MOVEMENT CONVENTION.

The convention of the New Irish Movement will be held in this city, at the Young Men's Christian Association hall, LaSalle street, between Madison and Monroe, Sept. 24, 25 and 26 next. It seems to THE CITIZEN that this is a popular uprising, significant of the impatience of the Irish-American people at the bad conduct of the Irish parliamentary leaders, particularly of the McCarthyite faction, whose subserviency to the British Whigs caused the loss of whatever moral power Ireland once possessed in the accursed arena of the British parliament. An encouraging feature of the New Movement is the fact that it is not confined to any particular section of the United States, but seems to have sprung from the minds of men, North, South, East and West alike. It has received the powerful indorsement of the National Executive of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—an organization that did so much to make the Parnell movement the great success it was, before the wiles of the English Whigs sapped the foundations of Irish vigor and unity. These are very hopeful signs of the times, and, already, a large and influential portion of the Irish-American press is sustaining the objects of the coming convention, which, as far as developed, indicate a practical revival of Irish-American sentiment in the United States.

The New Movement, as we understand it, is to be an open one, not in conflict, however, with any existing organization. It will be, we understand, modeled to some extent on the old Fenian organization, which, in this country at least, was held together not by an oath, but by a pledge of honor. Branches of the new society will be started in every large city and considerable town of the Union, and the officers of the Order will lend their services to the formation of new branches, wherever practicable. In a word, it will be an organized expression of Irish-American interest in the question of Ireland's independence.

What the policy of the New Movement may be, we cannot, of course, foreshadow, and the assembled wisdom of the convention can alone determine it. We hope it will be sound and sensible, but decidedly aggressive and progressive. No man should accept office in it who has not fully made up his mind to be a strong and earnest worker for the good cause. It should, in the official sense, have no room for moneyed figureheads, professional politicians or patriotic nonentities. Its executive should be plain, strong, commonsense and business like—capable of winning and keeping the admiration of Ireland's friends and the respect of her enemies; and, above all things else, its officers should, during their term of office, keep out of the entangling alliances of American partisan politics.

If the organization is established on these lines, it cannot fail to impress itself on the minds and the hearts of the people most interested. Otherwise, it will tumble into the same pitfalls that wrecked other movements which, at one time, promised to be productive of benefit to Ireland. But we have every hope that wisdom will guide its counsels, and that, through its good works, the old cause will again be in the ascendant.

The local executive committee, which has in charge the preparations for the convention, has established permanent headquarters at McCoy's Hotel, Clark and Van Buren streets, with the following officers: Chairman, Mr. John J. O'Connell; Secretary, Mr. John T. Keating; Treasurer, Mr. Lawrence Henely; Chairman of Finance Committee, Mr. William H. Joyce; Chairman of Reception Committee, Maj. William McCoy; Chairman of the Railroad Committee, Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick; Chairman Press Committee, Mr. J. J. Gubbins; Clerk of the Committees, Mr. M. F. Fanning. All communications having reference to the convention, locally, should be addressed to Secretary Keating, at McCoy's. All communications bearing on the convention generally, should be addressed to Mr. John P. Sutton, acting National Secretary, *Irish Republic* office, 51 West Thirteenth street, New York. By committing this information to memory time can be saved and a great deal of confusion avoided.

FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST CELEBRATION.

The United Irish Societies of this city and Cook county are leaving nothing undone to render the coming annual demonstration at Ogden Grove one of the most notable of the many great events that have made that ground historic. They will celebrate on Thursday, Aug. 15, the dual victories of the Yellow Ford and the Curlew Mountains, won respectively by "Princely Hugh" O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell over the armed forces of Queen Elizabeth, under Marshal Bagnal and Gen Clifford respectively. The names of the illustrious chieftains who commanded on both fields have come down undiminished in dignity to the sons and daughters of the Irish race, after the lapse of nearly three centuries. But, while the glories of older Ireland will be fittingly remembered on the occasion, there is yet another purpose to be served by the demonstration. It will not leave more modern issues untouched, and will proclaim to the assembled thousands the national aspirations and unconquered hope of the Irish people. These gatherings have also a social side that is most important. At them year after year friends separated by the cares and requirements of this work-a-day world meet to renew old associations and make stronger the bonds of union and fraternity. Aug. 15 is, par excellence, *the* Irish Day of Chicago, and as such it is now universally recognized.

The afternoon meeting will be presided over by the Hon. James Maher, and Col. Marcus Kavanaugh will take the chair at the evening gathering. The speakers for the afternoon will be the Hon. C. A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis, Minn., and the Hon. James O'Donnell, of Bloomington, Ill. In the evening, the orators will be, the Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, and the Hon. James Graham, of Springfield, Ill. The address of the executive committee of the United Irish Societies will be read at the two meetings by Mr. John J. O'Connell and Mr. J. J. Gubbins respectively.

In addition to the literary and patriotic exercises, there will be dancing and athletic games, prize competitions and other exciting events. The whole will conclude with a brilliant display of fireworks.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN ON PRIESTS IN POLITICS.

The silver jubilee of the Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke, archbishop of Cashel, was celebrated at Thurles, county Tipperary, on the 18th ult., and called forth a tremendous demonstration. The cardinal-archbishop and primate of all Ireland, Dr. Logue, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and Archbishop Riordan, or O'Riordan, as the Irish papers call him, of San Francisco, were among the distinguished prelates present. The sermon at the pontifical mass was preached by the primate, and the career of Dr. Croke was fittingly dwelt upon. A banquet was given subsequently, at which Archbishop Riordan proposed the toast of "The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cashel." He made, as usual with him, a very eloquent address, in the course of which he said:

"Archbishop Croke took to heart in the very earliest days of his priesthood the lesson from that scene in Our Lord's life narrated in the Gospel of the previous Sunday. He had compassion on the multitude. His voice was raised in behalf of a just and equitable system of government, of righteous laws which would secure to his people that part in the management of their own affairs most conducive to the welfare and prosperity of their country, which would give to their citizenship a dignity becoming freemen that would impress on their rulers the true conception of government, that all government is a trust, and that all rulers hold their powers in trust for the people, for the elevation of the people, for the well-being and prosperity of the people. He was not content to sit down in apathy and silence and see his people 'the heathen's jest, content to sit in the gate silent and depressed,' but he raised his voice and demanded equal rights and privileges with all other citizens of the nation, and such laws enacted that on their own soil, so dear to them, they might be enabled to own their own homes, and enjoy the fruits of their own industry. He looked about him in this land of his forefathers, he saw a people physically the strongest and the hardiest; intellectually the brightest; morally the purest; and religiously the most devout yet crushed by a system of legislation that reduced the vast majority to a state of chronic destitution, that made any progress towards a better, healthier, and more prosperous living an utter impossibility, and rendered inoperative the splendid qualities with which nature had endowed the race. He saw a condition of things under which the cattle multiplied and grew fat, and the sons of the old race diminished, and grew lean and haggard. He saw the bone and sinew of a great race going off to distant lands, and only the children and the aged left, and he felt his heart touched with a great pity, and he cried out, in the words of his Master, 'Misereor super turban'—'I have compassion on the multitude.' He set to work with that energy which characterized him in all he has ever put his hand to in face of a most determined and organized opposition; bearing the hatred of many, the criticism of others, he set to work to right what he considered were the wrongs of his native land. He has earned the love and gratitude of the suffering millions, and if today some measure of justice is meted out to the people of this island, to no one is this more largely due than to the patriotic archbishop of this see. His co-operation inspired confidence in the lovers of justice in America and Australia, who felt that his presence would keep the movement within constitutional lines which could insure success.

"I know there are some who were fond of a phrase very dear to the enemies of religion—Let the priest keep to his sacristy, to the people belongs the conduct of the affairs of the nation—as if the sacrament of Orders curtailed the rights of citizenship. I freely grant that if politics are concerned with measures looking to the making and repairing of roads and ditches, or to the details of municipal regulations, we may well leave their management to the people. But the Irish question is not a political question in that lower sense. It is a question that affects their social, educational well-being, and touches the most vital interests of the people, their lives, their liberty, and their happiness. Then again, the distribution of the commonwealth into two great divisions, Church and State, a necessity in other lands for the purposes of government, has never been acted upon by the Irish people. From ages back the Irish Church has been the Irish people. Their history and their fortunes have never flowed, though side by side, in separate and distinct channels, but have ever mingled in one common stream in the sacred precincts of home, in the council chamber, and in the field of battle. The cross and the shamrock have ever been found together, the one uplifting and sustaining, the other gracefully adorning. To whom then could the Irish people look for guidance and support if not to their religious leaders, who in every stage of their struggle had ever been their staunchest and most loyal friends?"

THE CITIZEN is glad to find the able Archbishop of San Francisco taking so vital an interest in the affairs of the country of his forefathers. He means well, of course, but he commits the great mistake of making the cause of Ireland a sectarian not a national cause. If Ireland appeals to the world from a Catholic basis only, she will always remain a slave. It is not the enemies, but the friends of religion in Ireland and elsewhere, who advocate the neutrality of the priests of all ranks in militant politics. Nobody wishes their disfranchisement, except, perhaps, a few extreme bigots. But the interference of priests in Irish politics has brought about a deplorable condition of affairs. Their attitude, as a majority, in regard to Parnell has had a horrible after effect in Ireland. The Parnellite papers, edited by Catholics, that have reached us recently are simply shocking in their dealings with what they call political clericalism. The outcome of the recent elections shows that the Catholic people, in very large numbers, resent active interference of their priests in political affairs. The Irish papers, such as *United Ireland* and the *Independent*, dare not write as they do about priests in politics, or publish insulting cartoons reflecting upon them, if they did not have a large constituency, who approve their methods. If Archbishop Riordan wished to wreck the relations of friendship that have so long subsisted between the priests and the people in Ireland he could not advocate a more ruinous policy. Besides, he is not correct in intimating that the Irish prelates and priests always sided with their people politically. In 1799-1800, many of the leading bishops advocated the Union, hoping thereby to obtain Catholic Emancipation immediately. In this they were disappointed. The priests who took the field in Wexford, in 1798, were mostly forced into the movement as a measure of self-defense. The ablest man among them, Father John Murphy, who subsequently atoned for his error with his life, was a determined opponent of the United Irishmen, and did his utmost to make the people surrender their arms before the rebellion broke out. When, however, he saw his own chapel of Boulavogue burned to the ground by the Yeomen, he concluded that patience had ceased to be a virtue, led his parishioners to Oulart Hill, and wiped out the outrage on his church in the blood of the North Cork.

O'Connell manipulated the priests to suit his purposes in the agitation for Catholic Emancipation, and he even held them firm for Repeal of the Union, although many of them had little faith in the movement. Their alliance, no doubt, consolidated the Catholic strength of Ireland, but alienated the Protestants, with few exceptions. These latter, remembering 1829, generally confounded Repeal with the Catholic cause. Only a very meagre number of priests stood by the principles and policy of Young Ireland. Among these was the famous Father Kenyon, who said subsequently, at a banquet in Dublin, when asked to reply to the toast of "The Patriot Prelates and Priests of Ireland": "Churchmen, by the very nature of their calling, are more conservative than revolutionary, more despotic than republican, and I believe that, as a body, the prelates and priests of Ireland would lead their countrymen in the very opposite direction to that of liberty."

The Pope's Brass Band movement, of 1852, had the full sanction of the prelates and priests of Ireland. It is a disgraceful political remembrance—one calculated to warn churchmen to keep out of political turmoil. In the Fenian times, the priests educated at Maynooth—where they were obliged to take an oath that bound them to the interests of the British government in Ireland—at the instigation of Cardinal Cullen, who had no more Irish feeling in him than a piece of Italian marble, refused the sacraments to members of the organization in his archdiocese, and some other Irish bishops followed his foolish example, thus planting the seeds of infidelity in many a youthful mind. Bishop Moriarty, of Kerry, said that "hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough," to punish the Fenians for their attempts to free Ireland. In fact, the young Irishmen of that period dreaded Maynooth College quite as much as they did the Constabulary depot in Phœnix Park. Now, thank heaven, the odious British subsidy is withdrawn, and Maynooth is once more an Irish College.

Probably Archbishop Riordan has not studied modern Irish history very closely. Therefore, we consider it our duty to correct him when he states that the Irish priests and people were always in political accord. They would never be out of accord, if the clergy would attend to their sacred functions, which certainly ought to give them enough to do, and leave politics, except in the matter of voting, to the lay people of their flocks.

DEATH OF AMERICA'S ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

The death of the venerable Chicago composer, Dr. George F. Root, which occurred at his summer home in Maine on Wednesday, is greatly lamented by everybody, because everyone knew, either by sight or by reputation, the gifted and patriotic author of "Rally Round the Flag," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and other stirring war lyrics. No writer of martial songs, since the author of "The Marseillaise Hymn," has enjoyed such popularity as did Mr. Root. His personal character also endeared him to all who knew him. He was a courtly gentleman in manner, and, to the latest day of his life, took a keen interest in the world around him. Almost his last public utterance in Chicago was in aid of the Lincoln monument, at Springfield, Ill., which had been allowed to fall into a state of disgraceful dilapidation. Dr. Root will never be forgotten, because waves on waves of coming as well as present American patriots will continue to sing, when necessity arises—

We are springing to the call for a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

"ROASTING" MR. M'CARTHY.

Poor Mr. McCarthy—nice, intellectual old gentleman, clever writer and all that sort of thing, you know—has no personal enemies in Ireland, but many political adversaries. The Waterford *News*, a Parnellite paper, is hard on the old man, whose Celtic angles have been rounded off by Saxon attrition. Mr. McCarthy, for a sensitive literary character, can stand a whole heap of stalwart political abuse without losing flesh over it. Our Waterford contemporary says:

"The Whigs have come and gone and left Ireland once more 'a corpse on the dissecting table' of English deception. We knew it would come to this; Parnell knew it and said it in the memorable words we quoted last week; for three years John Redmond has been dinning into unwilling ears what has at last come to pass. Why trust England? We never got anything from her without using the force of our strong right hand. The Tories got us Catholic Emancipation because they feared a revolution. Disestablishment of the Church, the various Land Acts, and every other measure of any advantage to Ireland, were wrung from England. The Union of Hearts theory is a sham. We must make up our minds to fight—not to cringe. The alliance with the Liberal party—the party of liberal promises—is now broken, thank God, and Irishmen of common sense have an opportunity of returning men who are willing and capable to work solely for Ireland. We don't want any of those who kept 'the government in the hollow of their hands' for three years and never closed their fingers with an iron grasp. No, these people are perfectly useless for any purpose, except to hold Ireland up to the contempt of the civilized world. The 'moral force agitation,' as they reckon it, is a burst bubble. Mr. Justin McCarthy should retire to his desk in the *Daily News* office and spend all his time writing well-turned periods to suit the English ear. We want none of him. He is the parliamentary humbug of the day. The worst of it is he humbugged the people of this country. If he humbugged England we could readily forgive him—in fact we are on the lookout for men capable of accomplishing this much desired end. It is our turn now."

Apart from what we think unnecessary abuse of Mr. McCarthy, we cordially coincide with the remarks of our Waterford friend.

CON T. MURPHY'S NOVEL.

"The Miller of Glanmire" is a very pleasant story of Irish life by Mr. Con T. Murphy, the well known playwright. The scene is laid in the South of Ireland, and a vivid picture of Irish rural life is drawn, with plenty of stirring incident. Like nearly all this class of stories, the good people in it are very good and the bad ones very bad—just as they are in a play,—and there is much improbability in the situations, which are eminently suited to the stage. In fact Mr. Murphy's lively novel at once suggests a new Irish drama. The mill, the shebeen, the old church, the pretty girls, the witty dialogue, the sudden turnings of the text, the devil-may-care genius, the half-witted youth, the sober good hero, the gloomy bad hero, the easy going miller, the simple schoolmaster, and the scoundrelly shebeen keeper—all these combine to make a great stage effect. There is no difficulty in reading "The Miller of Glanmire." The great difficulty is in leaving off after once you have begun. It is a pity that the proof-reader allowed many lapses in grammar to creep into the non-dialectic portions of the book, but these do not take away from the interest of the narrative. If any serious fault is to be found with "The Miller of Glanmire," it is that there is hardly enough of it. Published by George W. Barker, city.

AMONG the prominent Chicagoans who recently sailed for Europe, we notice the names of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, Mr. David Sullivan, Mr. James Meath and Mr. M. W. Murphy and the Misses Murphy.

MR. THOMAS CUSACK, member of the city board of education, married Miss Minnie Green, who was connected with the office of the board, last week. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates the happy pair.

MR. GLADSTONE could only find time to write a brief paragraph for the British press, in which Ireland was obscurely mentioned, during the recent elections, but he found time, and was strong enough, to attend a mass meeting denouncing the Turkish outrages in Armenia the other day, and made thereat a speech which called forth "enthusiastic plaudits." Of course the speakable Gladstone pounded "the unspeakable Turk." Yet we had been told he lost his eyesight, his voice and his vigor just before he was needed to make a last fight for home rule in Great Britain. Alas, for the Grand Old Unreliable!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. J. Lynch," City—First question would call for an examination of War Department records before definite answer could be given. This would be like trying to make ropes out of the sands of the seashore. Second question: Gen. Custer was Brevet Major General of Volunteers and Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry. Major Reno was tried by court-martial for alleged failure to support Custer's movement at the battle of the Little Big Horn, but he escaped conviction. His dismissal from the army, which occurred some years later, was upon other charges, and had no connection whatever with the Custer tragedy.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(*Times-Herald.*)

Returns being all in, the new house of commons shows 338 Conservatives, 78 Liberal-Unionists, 177 Liberals, 71 McCarthyites and 12 Parnellites, a total of 250 in opposition and 411 ministerial supporters, or a majority of 152.

Without the Liberal-Unionists the Conservatives would have a majority of only six, which Lord Salisbury would not deem practicable for government. Chamberlain and his fifteen personal followers will have to be recognized; and intimations are made that he is not content to be secluded on the bench of colonial administration, but will demand soon after the real work begins next February a post bringing him more into activity and power in home affairs. This will force the rivalry between him and Lord Salisbury's nephew, Balfour, the leader of the house, and, with a brisk antagonism to be thus engendered, it is prophesied that the coalition ministry will tumble gradually to pieces after the manner of all preceding coalition ministries.

Announcement that Justin McCarthy desires and intends to resign the leadership of the majority faction of the Home Rulers is repeated in various quarters and is not doubted. Mr. McCarthy never was a natural leader; and he is too old to change his character and strive to make himself one. Safe, judicious enough, when nothing requires superior tact, altogether unobjectionable, he lacks the aggressive qualities that made Parnell formidable; while the jealousies that have torn the major section of the party must dishearten a spirit tame at best. It may be that he will be persuaded to remain the ostensible leader in order to prevent a further and more violent rupture bound to occur when he retires. The contrast between him and Parnell could not be greater. The latter was in fact leader, the former has been in name only. The latter was a despot and allowed his colleagues no liberty of action, scarcely any of opinion. McCarthy is amiable, tolerant and plastic; a majority of the faction lead him, and with that he is most content.

Who shall succeed Mr. McCarthy makes little difference. It is better that a democratic and co-operative spirit shall be developed, making more of every man, than that most should be made of one and nothing of all the rest. Mr. Dillon would make an excellent head of the majority section. He is a far better orator at his worst than Parnell was at his best, while he possesses the idealism and pertinacity that were among Parnell's most efficacious traits. He is less courageous, more disposed to exaggerate the moment, less long of eye, less patient of events and of time. Healy, on the other hand, would make a better leader so far as daring and dash go, but he has an unfortunate temper and worse deportment. Sexton, who has been returned, notwithstanding his wish to remain out of parliament, may be a compromise choice. An increase of three to the followers of the radical home rule minority may hasten a restoration of union between the sections, who, however, will vote as a unit whenever their fundamental principle demands a solid front against the common enemy.

The result is that the complete effacement of a leadership chaos has prevailed, disturbed only by personal feuds and petty recriminations of which a hostile press has made the most. No women were attacked by mobs during the polling in Ireland. There was no intimidation of voters and little turbulence of even a harmless fort. Nevertheless, every trivial difference of judgement, every conflict of not unnatural or discreditable ambitions among the Home Rulers, has been magnified out of all rational proportions; and the home rule cause is said to be hopeless beyond recovery. A cause does not die with dissensions among those who espouse it. It was thought home rule perished with Parnell; but while the Liberals, the Socialists and the Labor sections have all suffered disaster, the Home Rulers stand in the new house better by one than they stood in the old. They will cast eighty-three votes against every measure inimical to the brave country and the heroic if long baffled cause they represent.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The Innisfails defeated the Parnells at football and the O'Mahony's broke the Sarsfields' run of victories at hurling, last Sunday afternoon, on the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association, about 1,000 spectators being present. On next Sunday the Shamrock hurling team of St. Louis will meet the Innisfail hurling team of this city, for the championship of the West. The contest will take place at the grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. The championship was to be decided by three games. The Innisfails won the first match on the close of last season, when they visited St. Louis. The St. Louis team has been constantly training, and are almost confident that they will return to St. Louis with Chicago honors.

The composition of both teams will be as follows: M. Phelan will act as *cul baire* for the Innisfails, and will be looked after by Dan Larkin, forward for St. Louis. John T. Conway and P. Sexton will take their positions as half-backs, and will be attended to by Tom Dee and M. Larkin; J. Egan, J. Farrell and J. Callaghan, full-backs, will be met by D. Cooney, J. Walsh and J. McAuliffe; J. Ryan and T. O'Brien will protect the right wing and battle against Ed Buckley and G. Dee; Tom Callaghan and M. McCarthy are slated for the left wing, and will cross *camans* with Martin Ahern and T. Clohesy; Tim Sullivan, J. F. Furlong and J. Callaghan, Innisfail forwards, will be taken care of by Capt. Richard O'Shea, who will protect the posts for St. Louis. Michael Burns and Michael Whalen; Capt. M. O'Connell, T. Naughton, J. Cooney and J. White will be met in centre field by Michael Broderick, Thos. McCormack, J. Skelton and Thomas Spillane.

A number of prominent Irishmen will accompany the St. Louis team, including over one hundred members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The game will certainly be well contested, and it is expected that the Central Council will see that the visitors will be treated in a proper manner, and the spectators are asked to give them a hearty cheer. There are two other events on the programme, a 440 and 880 yards race, confined to the members of the G. A. A. A reception will be given in the evening at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. An address will be delivered by Mr. John T. Keating, which will be followed by vocal and instrumental music.

Niagara Falls Excursion.

The Niagara Falls Excursion of this year will be run from Chicago Friday, Aug. 16, by the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway. A series of special trains leave Dearborn Station at 2 p. m., with through baggage cars, passenger coaches and Pullman sleeping cars. Round Trip Excursion Fare is only $7.00. Tickets good on these special trains and good to return on any regular train for one week from day of excursion. Apply early to City Ticket Office, 103 Clark street, corner of Washington, or address E. H. Hughes, General Western Passenger Agent. Sleeping car tickets $3.00 for double berth. Tickets now on sale. Purchase early and secure best accommodations.

A Chance for Women to Make Money!

I see so many men giving their experience in the Dish Washer business that one would almost think the men had "taken to washing the dishes." But ladies can do just as well as men. I have been devoting my time for over a year to selling Climax Dish Washers. My husband has aided mornings and evenings, and we have cleared over $5,000 in a year. The trouble with people is they won't try new things, and so let the golden opportunities pass. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and anyone can sell them if thy TRY. I do not canvass at all; people come or send after Washers. I have examined all the Dish Washers made, but the Climax has no equal. You can get complete instructions by addressing the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. I want ladies everywhere to try this business and let u bear how they succeed.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

KITTIE AND DERMOT.

[A little legend of county Kilkenny, Ireland, and not about "Kilkenny cats," though there is a "Kitty" discussed.]

The dew lay like diamonds o'er the grass
Where Kittie, the milkmaid, each morning must pass,
The track of her bare feet, impressed in the clay
Told Dermot, "your Kittie oft' passes this way."

Young Dermot, Kit's neighbor, must "hitch up his team":
So, early he rises, at morning's first gleam;
And, never he misses, but, whistles, in mirth,
Where Kittie's wee footprints have tracked o'er the earth.

Sweet Kittie is young and as fair as a rose:
Young Dermot has eyes that are black as the sloes:
Sweet Kittie is fond, and a wedding's in store
In the cabin where footprints lead up to the door.

Now, list ye! a whistle is heard in the air:
Sweet Kittie, what are you about? I declare
Your cheeks are as blushing as any red rose;
And, now, to the door, all in smiles, Kittie goes.

"Oh, is that Dermot?" all slily, she says,
While Dermot's eyes speak in voluminous rays,
"'Tis early you're off," as off hurries "the team,"
While Kit, at the door, stands like one in a dream.

Oh! what is that, Kit, that is wafting to you,
Yet making no vision of self on the air?—
Not even its shadow is swept past the view,
But Kittie's red lips feel its soft pressure there.

O sweet was that kiss, thrown (at random of course),
And bold is brave Dermot of whom I discourse:
And brief are life's pleasures, and wet is the dew;
But Kit's heart is light as she trundles them thro'.

The cows are far off, and the milk'n is hard,
But who says that love's not a magical word?
True love is a treasure; young love is true bliss;
That so lightens labor with just a pure kiss.

A pure kiss of love that took wings, and, in flight,
Made morning than Kittie's fair face look less bright,—
A pure kiss of love that the angels might share,—
But Kit got it all, since she only was there.

MAKAH.

Pewaukee, Wis., Aug. —, '95.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

We had been held in reserve on the second day at Gettysburg so long that men and horses became nervous and afraid. My horse was an old veteran who would drop his head and pick at the green grass with a battery firing on either side of us, but as the moments dragged away on this occasion he evinced a woman's nervousness.

I looked down the lines and saw that the alignment was constantly being broken by the horses backing up or forging ahead. They could see the fighting to the right and in front, and the smoke from the Union battery to the left and in front of us drove back and over us, and the horses breathed it in and blew it out of their nostrils in gasps.

A tremor of excitement—a sort of shiver—ran down the line.

The wind had shifted a bit to blow the smoke to our left, and down across the meadows we saw the Confederate cavalry forming, with the green woods for a background. Jeb Stuart's men were there, Ashby's men, men from Hampton's legion, Imboden's Virginian's, Rosser's rangers, guerillas from Mosby's command. There were fragments from every cavalry command we had met on the turnpikes of old Virginia, and there wasn't a man of us who did not realize what was coming long enough before we got the word. Some of the horses knew it too. You could feel them filling their lungs and stringing up their nerves for hard work.

"They are going to charge our battery!" was the exclamation on every man's lips, but we could not be sure of just the part we were to play in the affair. If dismounted and used as infantry to support the guns, we could make a desperate fight of it, and for several minutes we listened to hear such an order given. During this time an aid rode up with an order to the colonel. It was an order from the general to retire the battery. It had come too late. Some of the battery horses had been killed and a number of others wounded by the explosions of the big shells thrown at us from the woods behind the Confederate cavalry, and the way to the rear was also blocked by the ammunition wagons which had come up. The battery would be lost or saved right where it stood.

At the end of five minutes, while we yet sat waiting, the troopers in gray wheeled into line under a fire which must have tried the nerves of the bravest, and then the compact mass got the word to advance. They were coming for our battery, which was without infantry supports. There we stood, two thin lines, representing a thousand dragoons, but not numbering one half of that figure, and a body of five to one was moving down upon us. I saw several of the gunners look back. They saw the odds and wondered perhaps why we did not run away.

"Attention!"

We had obeyed the order before it was given.

"Right dress!"

We were a few seconds ahead of the command.

"Forward—draw sabres—guide right—trot!"

Ah! We are off!

The gray moves north and the blue moves south. We are going to meet in in the meadow below. We must hold them back until infantry supports can be brought up. Every man knows that he is moving down into a maelstrom of death, but no one lags. A strange exultation creeps into the heart. It is as if you had heard some grand, good news, and wanted to shout over it and tell everybody of your good luck.

"Gallop—charge!"

Death! Why, if one could die a score of times instead of only once, there would be no fear. I sit so lightly in the saddle that my horse seems to have no weight to carry. He skims over the ground as if he had wings, and I began cheering and yelling in chorus with my comrades. It is a living missile of 500 men thrown at the front of 3,000.

What a crash there will be! How horses will go down and men pitch from their saddles! Afraid? No! Why, man, I wouldn't miss this scene for a year's life! My hand clutches the sabre with a strength I did not know I possessed. I felt a hunger for blood such as I never felt before.

"Yi, yi! Whoop—rah!"

And we strike them square in the centre. The 500 have the greatest momentum, and we drive through the 3,000 as a wedge is pounded into soft wood. Men strike at me. There is a flash, flash, and a pop, pop, of pistols. I strike back. I feel the desire of the tiger to slay.

"Rally!"

We have driven through the mass, and the bugles sound the call to gather for the return. The horses obey it without a touch of the rein. It seems that the whole living mass is riding in a circle, and that there is blood on every man's horse. All of a sudden we shoot out from under the smoke cloud into the sunshine—not the 500, but the 3,000—and the battery opens again. We are to the right of it, and it sends grapeshot into a wild mob to drive it back into the cover of the woods. It is a sight to look down over that field. Five hundred dead and wounded men and horses are lying there. It is only as I sit on my horse and look over the field that I begin to feel weak and grow frightened. My head begins to swim, things grow dark, and some one helps me to the ground. I have a pistol ball in my shoulder, and the blood is running down my back from a sabre cut on the head.—*N. Quad.*

GAELIC PROSE.

Teruighseacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in sa

(AIS LEANAMHAIN)

Is sea sin do chuireadar Fianna Eireann a gcluas, agus dirighios Fearadhach Fiorchalma an trás in agus buaileas tri bhuilleadh de'n tuaigh do bhi aige 'sau g-cranntabhaill go n-deárna cidmhes an chuain agus an chaladhphoirt lán de longaibh agus de luathbharcaibh. "Creud do dheanfair d'iomad na long dd?" ar Fionn. "Deanfad a g-cur ar neimhni acht an meud ar a m-beidh féidhm agad-sa."

Eirghios Caoilte an trá sin agus do léig tri glaodha móra móraibheacha as agus do chualadar Fianna Eireann sin i n-gach áird i rabhadar, agus do shaoileadar gurab i n-aice no i n-éigin do bhi Fionn agus an chuid eile d'Fiannaibh Eireann ag eachtrannaibh no ag allmhurachaibh, agus do ghluaiseadar rómpa i n-a g-conláinaibh beaga beuisgnoilte go rangadar Clochán CinnChaill i n-iarthar Chorca Dhuibhne. Agus fafrughios Fianna Eireann sgeula d'Fhionn creud an t-eigin no an t-uathbhás do rug ar an nair do tharraing as a láithreachaibh léigtlie agus as a bh-foraoisibh fiadhaigh agus as a n-innealaibh sealga iad. Innsios Fionn sgeula an Ghilla Dheacair ó thús go deireadh dhoibh.

Is ann sin do chuaidh Fionn agus Oisin i g-comhairle eatorra fein agus is é facas dóibh ó nach rugudh acht cúig fir deug d'á mhuintir ó Fhionn é fein agus cúig fir deug eile do dhul d'á lorgaireacht agus Oisin d'fhágbháil i g-ceannas na Féinne ag coimeád na h-Eireann. Agus do chum Oisin agus Fionn an laoidh:

"Tusa ar eacht ag imtheacht,
A Fhinn, a arm-ruaidh fhuilligh;
Do thuidheacht i luing leabhair
Go h-oileacht an fhuinn fhuinnidh.
Tusa uainn ag fhanamhainn
A n-dáil an t-sloigh gan oilbhéim,
A dhúis diona an deágh-shlóigh
'S a roisg mhionla mhaill-réidh.
Eacht ort a Fhinn Almhaine,
Eacht a's oircheas ort d'fhogsadh.
Iompaidh 'san chuan chéadna
Go d-tí donnchlár fuar Fódhla.
Tusa uainn ag fhanamhain.
Ní'l céim nach budh usa:
Cé do chuaidh do chlá chatha,
Is dearbh go racha tusa."

I h-aithle na laoidhe sin do deasaigheadh long luchtmhar lán-aibhseach d'Fhionn agus d'á mhuintir, agus do cuireadh biadh i n-ionad a chaithmhe agus ór i n-ionad a bhroinnte innte, agus do shuidheadar na h-óig-fhir arrachta sin agus na curadha caomhchalma ar shleasaibh agus ar bhórdaibh na luinge i na rabhadar, agus do ghabhadar na rámha fada slisleathna sithrighne i n-a n-dóidibh déatla dóidleathna dolcointe, agus do rinneadar iomramh tinneasnach treunláidir tar chriosloschaibh na fairrge falamhaire fiordhoimhne, agus tar ghleanntaibh druimleathna dreachdubha dianluatha an chuain chraoslebair chubharbháin.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

OBITUARY.

MR. T. MADDEN.

The announcement of the death of Mr. T. Madden, Carramore, Woodlawn, county Galway, Ireland, will be received with much regret and surprise among his many friends in this country. Inflammation of the lungs was the cause of his death, and his illness only lasted for about nine days, when he breathed his last apparently without pain. He leaves a most affectionate wife, and several children, some of whom reside in this country, to mourn his loss. Mr. Madden was loved by all who knew him. He was blessed with a calm disposition, which endeared him to rich and poor alike. The funeral was large and representative, perhaps the largest which entered that cemetery for some time. May he rest in peace.

LITERARY.

The Arena.

The *Arena* for August is filled with good reading, as usual. The most striking and important paper in the number—the one that will interest the greatest number of men and women all over the country, is Mrs. Helen H. Gardener's review of recent Age-of-Consent legislation in the United States. She deals in this paper with bills passed in New York, Arizona and Idaho, raising the age to 18, and analyses the arguments for and against. This is the first of a series of papers giving the full history of the subject. The article is illustrated with portraits. Gov. Levi P. Morton's picture forms the frontispiece of the number. The Hon. Walter Clark, of Supreme Bench of North Carolina, tells the history of the Telegraph in England as a department of the British postal system. The governmental operation of the telegraph there has resulted in ten times as many messages, thirty times as many press dispatches, at less than one-third the cost under private administration, and the telegraph nets big receipts to the government and makes its postal system complete and self-supporting as the American is not. Prof. George H. Emmott, of Johns Hopkins University, writes on "An Arbitration Treaty Between Great Britain and the United States." Prof. Frank Parsons shows how the municipalization of electric lighting would give the people more light, electric lights in all homes and offices, and at two-thirds less cost than now. This is an important collection of facts and statistics. Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor of the Review, writes a stirring paper called "The August Present," touching upon the social and intellectual movement of our times in religion, science and economic thoughts. A symposium of women, Lona I. Robinson, Altona A. Chapman and Francis E. Russell, discusses the question of "Is the Single Tax Enough?" Rev. Frank Bullington Vrooman writes on "Public Health and National Defense." Hon. John Davis, M.C., deals with the career of Napoleon from the Lombroso point of view, in a way different from the hero worship of the hour. Rev. W. E. Manley, D.D., considers "Human Destiny" from the point of view of orthodoxy. George Sidney Robbins discusses "The Middle Ground"—which lies between philosophical anarchy and state socialism. "A Member of the Order" writes of "The Brotherhood of India," in criticism of Dr. Hensoldt. Poems and stories are furnished by Will Allen Dromgoole, M. L. Wells and Annie L. Muzzey.

The Monthly Illustrator.

The August number of *The Monthly Illustrator* displays the work of several men and women of note in the artistic world, accompanying literary articles of decided interest. George Parsons Lathrop considers the use made of wind and water as "pictorial elements," for which A. F. Bunner's pictures furnish illustrative examples. "Sympathy With Nature in Modern Art," by Dora Read Goodale, illustrated by Albert Inseley; "The Decorative Idea in Illustration," by Alexander Black, with drawings by Otto Toaspern; and "The Human Face," by Edward King, with portrait-sketches by S. F. Coburn, are all articles of special interest to art lovers. A series of drawings of small animals by Japanese artists is accompanied by a somewhat argumentative essay, by Ernest Ingersoll, on "The Naturalist and the Artist." Among the special features of the August number are a series of four wholly original portraits of popular actresses especially photographed in character for this magazine. This feature is likely to be continued in future numbers, under the title of "Types from the Stage." Four masterpieces by Woldemar Friederich, representing scenes and characters in the old German legend "The Wild Huntsman," are also given. There are twelve of these in the set, including four which will appear in the September number. The story of "Jean Valjean," which has been running for some time is advanced in this number to the romance between Marius and Cosette, forming a tender prelude to the serious adventures that are to follow.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Outonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York Aug. 7: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Warren, San Francisco, Cal.; S. S. Conway, R. A. Dandliker, Dr. A. W. Harlan, K. Marks, J. C. Clow, Miss N. E. Evans, Dr. L. Burlingham, Mis Clara Gaylord, Homer A. Squires, A. L. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Smith, Mrs. W. H. Sniders, Mrs. Mary Jaroloman, Miss Mamie Forman, Mrs. James B. Clow, W. H. Snider, F. Barbour, George Thompson, Charles Peterson, J. H. Mather, John H. Pratt, J. H. Williams, Rev. F. W. Schwab, Martin Fanning, H. A. Lamb, Margareth Mander, Mary Sullivan, Mrs. J. H. Mather, Miss Nora C. Allis, Miss Maude Price, Miss Jennie Parry, Mrs. Lamb, Chicago; Mr. Erie, Winnipeg; Mrs. Lillian T. Mellaney, Miss Mayme L. Mellaney, Sioux Falls, S.D.; Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. West, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, the Misses Hardy, J. Bergdorf, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. Hanna Annsinge, Master Annsinge, Denver, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert A. Wood, Nebraska City, Neb.

PREMIUM NOTICE.

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only until Aug. 20.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Lake Excursions.

The great whaleback steamship Christopher Columbus, leaves at 9 o'clock every morning from Rush street bridge, for Milwaukee, and starts on its return trip from that city at 5 p.m. The accommodations on this boat cannot be excelled. The trip is invigorating and pleasant.

Half Rates to Colorado.

On Aug. 11 and 12, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo and return at half rates—one fare for round trip, tickets good for return passage leaving Colorado points Aug. 20 to 25, with privilege of further extension until Sept. 1. For tickets and full information apply to agents C. & N. W. R'y.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.
John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,
Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

BARGAINS IN
DIAMONDS
AT
KASPER & BARNES,
McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.
OPEN EVENINGS.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.
DENTIST.
122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.
FIFTH FLOOR.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1004 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PETER JOYCE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Joyce, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.

NORA JOYCE, Administratrix.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1004 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ROSANNA McNAMARA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Rosanna McNamara, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.

ELLEN ROSANNA MURRAY, Administratrix.

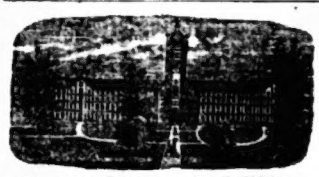
STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Circuit Court. The People of the State of Illinois ex rel David Gore vs. Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company that the undersigned was, on the 2nd day of January, 1895, duly appointed Receiver of said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company; and that all persons holding any claim or claims against said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company are hereby notified to present the same under oath or affirmation within ninety days from this date, whether said claims are due or not.

R. D. WALSH,
Receiver of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company, Rooms 700-701, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Dated this 31st day of July, A. D. 1895.

Johnson & McDannold,
1213 Ashland Block, Attorneys.



St. MARY'S ACADEMY.
(One Mile West of Notre Dame University.)
The 80th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 2, 1895.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writing taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escapes. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
Notre Dame P. O., St. Joseph Co., Ind.

Hartford Bicycles

Elegant in Design
Superior in Workmanship
Strong and Easy Running

Hartfords are the sort of bicycles most makers ask $100 for.
Columbias are far superior to so-called "specials," for which $125 or even $150 is asked.
It is well to be posted upon the bicycle price situation.
The great Columbia plant is working for the rider's benefit, as usual.

Columbias, $100

POPE MFG. CO.
General Offices and Factories.
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BOSTON
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SAN FRANCISCO
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The Columbia Catalogue, a work of highest art, telling of and picturing clearly all the new Columbias and Hartfords, is free from any Columbia Agent, or is mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $5. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
903 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,
STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO ILL.

MONON ROUTE CHICAGO & CINCINNATI C H & D
BEST LINE
—TO—
Indianapolis,
Cincinnati,
AND THE South.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
232 Clark St., - Chicago.

THE MONON..
BEST ROUTE
BETWEEN
Chicago,
Indianapolis,
Cincinnati,
Louisville
AND
THE SOUTH.
Only line to FRENCH LICK and WEST BADEN SPRINGS..
'The Carlsbad' of America.
Hotels open the year round.
City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.
W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.
FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

E NUPTIAL KNOT.

GE REASONS COUPLES HAVE HAD FOR MARRYING.

ry Considerations, In Some Form, he Most Prominent—The Percent- f Such Marriages That Were Fail- s Not Reported

mance and tales of love the hero rome marry for pure heart affec- Stern papas and scheming mam- ma otherwise for their beloved er, but she is invariably obstinate, ne love always comes in by a In real life, however, many and s are the reasons for tying the l knot. An ardent philatelist in- an advertisement in a matri- l column, and the wife he wanted, ition to being able to boast of the good qualities of womanhood, was n possession of a certain stamp— ription for the guidance of the monially inclined lady collectors ing—the rarity of which rendered ost priceless. We do not think man would meet his ideal in a

gentleman whose hobby was the ting of rare specimens of pottery violent love to a lady—a matter rprise to his friends and the lady's people, he being always deemed a l bachelor, holding strict views rning the marriage question—who he fortunate owner of a lovely vase. Apparently she was nothing and responded to his wooing fer- r, finally giving him her hand, ne and—the vase. This person re- l to his cynical views afterward ften told his wife it was the vase d been in love with and not her-

ses where money has been left on tion of the heir or heiress marry- chosen person are sufficiently com- but surely few are so hedged in restrictions as the youth who was d his cousin because she was "cross redhaired, and had no chin," as vill read, by which we may under- l that she of the diminutive chin 'heavily moneyed."

e following is told of two costers brought about a marriage between and a daughter of the respective lies for a unique purpose. They but one donkey between them, and gh the two costers were quite will- to change about, using the animal rns, the wives of the hawkers were t all agreeable, and many and furi- were the quarrels between them. nitigate this nuisance and to bring wo families together the marriage effected of the two olive branches, e unknown to the mothers—an ar- ement fraught with satisfactory re- , for the good ladies were on better s ever after.

ather than lose a valuable appoint- t a young man went in search of a —the situation he had secured be- only for married men, as one of ch class he had posed. Therefore it essential that he should take unto self a partner at a moment's notice, ratively speaking. He had hitherto erienced no affair of the heart, and finding of a life's partner was not, er such circumstances, a very simple . However, he secured the one thing lful to insure the retaining of the tion and commenced married life new business duties at one and the e time.

A situation agent declares that he has sons to believe this procuration of ases is very often effected at the last ment, purposely to secure coveted ts whose requirements are for man wife. He further avers that he is uainted with one young fellow who married purposely to apply for such situation, leaving his bride imme- tely on coming out of church to make lication for the place.

few persons would express themselves so matter of fact a fashion as the mer who, wooing a widow, the own- of an adjacent farm, told his son that lady's niece was just the sort for n, the girl being possessed of property her own right; a double marriage refore would enrich the lot. Like an edient son, the lad complied with this uest, and as the farmer rented his n land through the niece it was a st accommodating arrangement. We nder if these marriages were failures. r an amalgamation of property and d they were infinitely successful.

A man, recently united for better, for rse, to the portly dame who had hith- to ruled over his kitchen, was unmer- fully chaffed by his associates, the dy of his choice being much his senior d in different ways most unsuitable her spouse. His naive reply was to e effect that it would minimize ex- nses, because he would have no wages pay for culinary labor, as his wife d agreed to continue her position of ok. Her refusal to comply, he declar- l, would have resulted in the attach- ent being "off."

Most unique was the reason for "com- itting matrimony" as given by a city ntleman. A widow lady had appealed a court of justice, and the culprit, ther than pay the fine imposed upon im for certain slanderous statements e had made concerning the fair prose- trix, settled affairs by marrying the dy. He certainly was possessed of a oolness below the zero of the proverbial ucumber to propose marriage when it ust have been obvious to everybody, he woman in particular, what his rea- ons for so doing were. However, she ike Barkis, was "willin," and wedding rrangements went on apace. So sensa- ional was this marriage, following im- ediately on the lawsuit, that the ouple found themselves the topic of onversation at every street corner and onsidered it essential to their comfort o leave the country.—London Tit-Bits.

Appropriate.

A Tioga wag in sending a handsome clock as a wedding gift tacked a card to it which read, "This is to assure you a good time."—Philadelphia Record.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE MODERN WAY.

A Chivalric Tale of Love, Flight, Bike and Knight.

CHAPTER I.

Fondly the knight of the Silver Shield loved the fair and noble Lady Gwendoline, and she as fondly returned his love.

She returned it because it was so nice to have him give it back to her as he always did.

"My own," he murmured, clasping her to his bosom.

"Here, too," she whispered as she coyly nestled her flaxen head upon the stovelid cuirass he wore over his manly chest, partly for protection and partly for revenue only.

CHAPTER II.

But the old duke, the Lady Gwendoline's father, was opposed to the match.

He had asked the knight to take off his silver shield and substitute a gold one, and the knight had refused with scorn and contumely.

The knight still owed for the silver shield, and he did not care to mortgage his immortal soul for a change.

"Do as I command," sternly ordered the old duke, "or never be son-in-law of mine."

"Well, I don't think," hissed the knight between his set of teeth, and the strike was on.

CHAPTER III.

The knight of the Silver Shield had told the Lady Gwendoline all.

He could not tell her more, or he would have done so gladly, so much he loved her.

"I will flee," she bravely said.

"Two flees," he replied heartily, and they packed a small kit of wedding things.

In half an hour they were flying from the gray and grim old castle.

CHAPTER IV.

And fast before the old duke, then,
Three hours they'd fled together,
And if he'd caught them in the glen
He would have mopped the heather
up with the knight.

The old duke hard behind them bled.
Should he their steps discover,
Then what could cheer the bonny bride
When he had slugged her lover?

But still, as wildly blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
The duke was coming up behind,
His puffing sounded nearer.

CHAPTER V.

A great thought came to the knight of the Silver Shield.

"Sweet one," he said softly, slacking his speed, "wait but a little. I will come again."

"Waiting for you," she whispered, "were such sweet sorrow that I would wait until tomorrow."

It was then 11:55 p. m., and the knight, kissing the fair lady's hand, hurried back over the way which they had come.

CHAPTER VI.

"Saved!" he exclaimed, returning to her side and once more moving swiftly forward.

"But papa?" she asked, with anxious eagerness.

"Knocked out in the first round," laughed the knight of the Silver Shield in loud, triumphant tones. "I filled the road with tacks, and the old man's tire is punctured so that he has to lay up for repairs."

"My hero!" murmured the fair Lady Gwendoline, gazing fondly on him as they flew along the glistening turnpike.

CHAPTER VII.

Two bikes with but a single thought,
Two lovers safely carried
Into the haven which they sought,
And so they married.

—New York Sun.

Philosopher's Stone.

An excellent reproof is that which is said to have been administered on one occasion by Jose Ribera, the famous Spanish painter. He lived in the days when there were many students of alchemy and foolish believers in its great powers. One day two Spanish officers were discussing certain wonders of alchemy in Ribera's house.

Ribera did not join in the discussion, but at last said quietly that he was in possession of the "philosopher's stone," and that they might see his way of using it the next morning if they chose.

The two officers appeared at the appointed time the next morning, but found the artist hard at work, not in a mysterious laboratory, as they had expected, but at his easel. Asking them to restrain their impatience for a short time, he painted steadily on, finished the picture on which he was at work, and sent it out by his servant, who brought back a small, sealed package.

Ribera broke the seal in the presence of his eager guests and threw 10 gold doubloons on the table.

"You see now how gold is to be made," he said quietly, with a smile at the crestfallen officers. "I do it by painting; you by serving his majesty. Diligence in one's chosen work is the only true alchemy."—Youth's Companion.

The Shape of the Earth.

A country schoolmaster was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination, and having before him the junior class in geography he asked:

"Can any little boy or girl tell me the shape of the earth?"

To this there was no answer. "Oh, dear me," said he, "this is sad! Well, I'll give you a token to mind it. What is the shape o' this snuffbox in my hand?"

"Square, sir," replied all.

"Yes, but on the Sabbath day, whin I change ma cloes, I change this snuffbox for a round one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination day came, and the class was called.

"Can any little boy or girl tell what is the shape of the earth?"

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back and every eye flashed with excitement. One little fellow was singled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us."

"Round on Sundays, and square all the rest o' the week!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

MUSICAL REGISTRATION.

A Machine Making an Exact Record and Serving as Critic.

The savants of the Sorbonne have begun to make use of a little machine which ought to cause musical critics to tremble for the future of their profession. The musician, like the criminal, has a psychology of his own, and M. Binet, the director of the Sorbonne laboratory, evidently means to get to the bottom of it. He proceeds upon the principle that the execution must betray the psychology of the executant, but the human critic's description of a pianist's playing, as impassioned, sensuous or lymphatic, is much too rough and ready for him. Besides no two critics are ever in perfect agreement regarding the subtler details in the interpretation of a piece. M. Binet has therefore adapted a piece of mechanism, invented by M. Lund, which registers visibly and with unerring certainty the manner in which a piece has been played. On a piece of paper we are given a truthful record of the entire performance, the duration of the notes, the rapidity of attack, the variations in touch, legato, staccato, crescendo, diminuendo — in short, everything indicative of the degree of musical execution and expression that has been attained. Even a conservatory examiner could find no fault with the precision of the machine's musical judgment.

The apparatus which is to replace the musical critic is described as being simplicity itself. It is an adaptation of the phonograph. It can easily be applied to any piano. A gutta percha tube is placed beneath the keys, and its extremities are in communication with the registering cylinder. To this is attached an inked stylus, which makes its impressions upon a band of paper drawn along at a regular rate by clockwork. Each key struck inscribes its mark, and it is enough to glance at the register to ascertain with what force, speed, etc., the fingers have done their work. If one hand has been lazy, the tale is told and all the false notes are faithfully set down. When the piece is finished, the performer has at hand an exact record of what he has done and is in a position to compare his rendering with that of other artists or with previous performances of his own. The ear, in fact, is beaten. Its impressions are fugitive and subject to error and are not to be compared with the verdict of the infallible automatic critic. We may now look forward to the day when it will be as indispensable in civilized life as the thermometer. With it in the drawing room, insincere flattery of the budding virtuoso will be impossible, while in the newspapers musical criticisms of public performances will assume both the appearance and unanimity of meteorological charts.—Westminster Gazette.

Sense of Humor.

At breakfast Tennyson was discussed, Mr. Jowett denying that what had been said of Wordsworth, that "within the great man there was a little man," was true also of him, though he had little things in him. The want of humor, original or appreciative, was talked of. Mr. Jowett says Gladstone can make a few jokes of his own, but cannot see other people's. Goulburn, he says, is an instance of a man who has humor of a kind, but fails to see the humor of situations. In preaching once at Rugby chapel, he said, speaking of evil existing everywhere, that "even in the ark there was a Ham;" then, seeing that the boys had caught the joke, he added that of course he meant the patriarch.

Talking of Dr. Arnold, he said that he was too powerful, too strong a man for his position—he stamped upon the boys and crushed them. He was the reverse of sympathetic. If you were in great trouble, he would perhaps help you more than any one else, but if, as some one suggested, you were a little happy, he would have no sympathy to spare. Arnold had said himself that he could never see a group of boys round the fire without seeing the devil among them. Speaking about good talkers, the master said a really good talker must talk from a character. He told a story of a man who, on hearing that he had a mortal complaint, only exclaimed, "I was always lucky. I insured my life last week."—Longman's Magazine.

Froude's Great Labor.

In his sixth and last lecture (delivered in America in 1872) Froude defended himself and answered his critics thus: "My 'History of England' has been composed from perhaps 700,000 documents, nine-tenths of them in different manuscripts and in half a dozen languages. I have been unable to trust printed copies, for the manuscripts often tell stories which the printed versions have concealed. I have been unable to trust copyists. I have read everything myself. I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time. I had to condense pages into single sentences, to translate, to analyze, and have had afterward to depend entirely on my own transcript. Under such conditions it is impossible for me to answer that no reference has been misplaced and no inverted comma fallen to the wrong words. I have done my best to be exact, and no writer can undertake more."—Current Literature.

A First Telegram.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson says: "I received my first telegram in Cumberland, Md. I could not believe it, but there it was—a reply to my letter of the day before. I called at the office to inquire if it were really so. A small group of people had collected about the operator, all wearing a look of surprise and incredulity. We began showing one another our dispatches, and looking with respectful awe at the mysterious little machine that was ticking away as if worked by some mysterious spirit of the other world. The whole town was excited about it. If I were now to receive a message from the planet Mars, offering me a star engagement, I could not be more astonished than I was on that day."—Boston Travelles.

HUMAN SUFFERING.

Nine-tenths of It Is Useless and Could Be Avoided.

Go through a crowd of people, preferably city people; examine the tired, anxious, wasted faces; remember your life and the lives of the men whom you have known intimately; recall the violent deaths, the suicides of which you have heard, and ask yourself the reason of all this death, suffering and despair. And you will see, however strange it may appear, that the cause of nine-tenths of human suffering is the present life of the world; that this suffering is useless; that it could be avoided, and that the majority of men are martyrs to worldly ideas.

Recently on a rainy Sunday I crossed the market near the tower of Soukharev in a street car. For a third of a mile the car made its way through a dense crowd that closed in again behind us. From morning till evening these thousands of men, most of them hungry and in rags, jostle each other in the mud, dispute, deceive and hate each other. The same thing goes on in the markets of Moscow and other cities. These men will pass their evenings in the wine shops and afterward will seek their holes and corners. Sunday is their best day. Monday they begin again their accursed existence.

Think of the existence of these men, of the situation which they abandon and of that which they choose. Consider the labor to which they give themselves, and you will see that they are martyrs.

All have left their fields, their houses, their fathers and brothers, often their wives and children. They have renounced everything and come to the city in order to acquire that which the world considers necessary. All of them are there, from the operative, the coachman and the seamstress to the wealthy merchant, the office holder and the wives of all of them, to say nothing of the tens of thousands of unfortunates who have lost everything and live on scraps and brandy in the free lodging houses. Go through this crowd; watch poor and rich alike; look for a man who says that he is satisfied and believes that he possesses what the world deems necessary. You will not find one in a thousand. —Count Tolstoi.

BOTH PAPERS WERE USEFUL.

The Fortunate Result of a Tennessee Justice Mixing His Documents.

Bill Wright was a justice of the peace, and also an absentminded man, whose wife was as able an orator as Xantippe.

Bill used to serve all his processes himself and to save time would sign the marriage certificates in blank and deliver a number to the parson.

One day Bill had a process to serve away up in the mountains on a semibarbarous recluse, who was sued for damages for some disdeeds, and Bill thought he would deliver a few of the certificates to the parson.

So, sticking both packages of papers in the same pocket, he mounted his horse and rode off.

Reaching the minister's, he stopped and chatted awhile, and, after delivering his papers, he started off again and took the road to the mountains.

The parson had a wedding that day, one of the parties being a notorious horse thief from an adjoining county. When the ceremony was over, the parson selected a certificate from the bundle and unrolled it sufficiently to sign his name. On handing it to the man the latter opened it, and his eye grew wild as he read instead of a marriage certificate a warrant of arrest, signed by both the justice of the peace and by the parson. He feared some trap, so surrendered himself to custody.

When the justice reached the mountain side, he took out the paper to read it and immediately saw its nature, but, maintaining his self possession, he recited the form of summons, which he fortunately remembered.

He then returned and found the horse thief in jail and went and saw the parson, remarking, with his own matrimonial felicity in mind, that both papers had unintentionally served the ends of justice.—University Courier.

Why He Wanted It Printed.

Compositors are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting, even that of editors and ministers. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story:

Professor Lindsay Alexander came into our office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon.

"You must let me have proofs of this tomorrow," he said.

I told him the time was too short. He must give us a few days longer.

"No," he said. "I must preach this sermon tomorrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."—Youth's Companion.

Altogether Too Honest.

Hotel Clerk—That lawyer stopping with us is the most honest man I ever heard of.

Landlord—Why?

Clerk—He sits up in a chair and sleeps at night.

Landlord—What's that got to do with it?

Clerk—He says after his day's work is over he doesn't think he ought to lie in bed.—Detroit Free Press.

The First Safety Lamp.

The first claim as an inventor of a safety lamp for use in mines was made by Dr. Clanny of Newcastle, who, in 1813, contrived a ponderous and complicated machine, requiring a boy to work it. This apparatus never became popular. It was found to be too unwieldy.

Realistic.

Critic—Has that painting of yours, "At Work in the Fields," received any favorable comments?

Artist—A rather seedy looking man stopped to look at it today, and he said it made him tired.—Philadelphia Record.

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Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2946 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3873 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 445 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; P F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, RS, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Monaghan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4839 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3091 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T. Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 6320 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Laflin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John Mcginty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm C Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Quasley's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2301 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Donerty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4016 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 28—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1229, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Whelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; C Barnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 25—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3856 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 6339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Dunlay, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H ----, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9225 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 913 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm S Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 106 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 N Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 98 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stepuen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 76 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Behomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ava.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cityburne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Keenan. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrick, 152 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burz; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3d Friday at 3000 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 3006 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L Bissenmeann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St A phonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Jessop st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3840 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 108 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet in [illegible] st.

St Mullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 252 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

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THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

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SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
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OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold

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